CHAPTER II

CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS

CAPTAIN CLARK and his little contingent of explorers and canoe builders reached the Indian camp early on the morning of August 20th. From the information that the Indians had already given to Lewis and which was, to all appearances, straightforward and reliable, Clark knew that the plan originally contemplated was of doubtful practicability. Time was pressing, the days were shortening, the ocean was a long distance off, and if the branch of the Columbia upon which they now were was indeed unnavigable for canoes, and its banks impassable for horses, another route must be found.

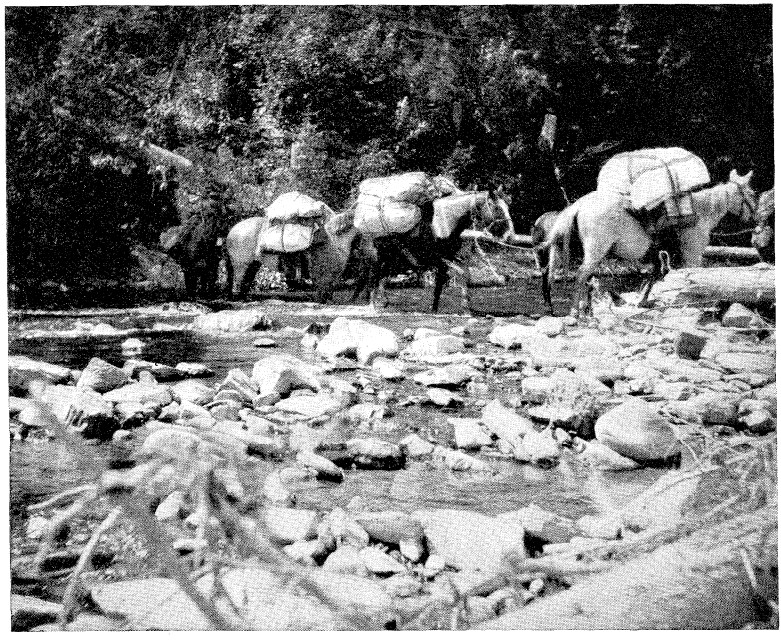
The first move was to explore the river and verify the tales of the Indians. Clark, therefore, in the council held immediately upon his arrival, stated his objects and obtained as a guide down the river an old man "who was said to know more of their geography to the north than any other person."

The Indians were encamped upon the Lemhi River some little distance above its junction with the Salmon River, and a careful examination of these streams for many miles to the north and west was necessary to determine the future course of the explorers.

Before starting Clark continued his inquiries of Cameahwait, who began

> by drawing on the ground a delineation of the rivers. . . . The river [Lemhi] on which the camp is, he divided into two

branches just above us, which, as he indicated by the opening of the mountains, were in view; he next made it discharge itself into a larger [Salmon] river, ten miles below, coming from the southwest; the joint stream continued one day's march to the northwest, and then inclined to the westward for two days' march farther. At that place he placed several heaps of sand on each side, which, as he explained them, represented vast mountains of rock always covered with snow, in passing through



A Pack Train in the Salmon River Country.

which the river was so completely hemmed in by the high rocks that there was no possibility of travelling along the shore; that the bed of the river was obstructed by sharp-pointed rocks, and such its rapidity that, as far as the eye could reach, it presented a perfect column of foam. The mountains he said were equally inaccessible, as neither man nor horse could cross them. . . . Cameahwait said also that he had been informed by the Chopunnish, or Pierced-nose [Nez Percé] Indians, who reside on this [the Salmon, which becomes the Snake] river west of the moun-

tains, that it ran a great way toward the setting sun, and at length [as the Columbia] lost itself in a great lake of water [the Ocean] which was ill-tasted, and where the white men [the traders] lived.

From the 20th to the 23d of August, Clark was exploring the Salmon River, and with every mile that he progressed the obstacles and difficulties increased. The Indians had told him the truth, and at last, after sixty-eight or seventy miles of most difficult trailing, the Captain admitted that further tramping was useless. A few quotations from the narrative will give an idea of their experiences.

The western branch of this [Salmon] river is much larger than the eastern [Lemhi], and after we passed the junction we found the river about one hundred yards in width, rapid and shoaly, but containing only a small quantity of timber. As Captain Lewis was the first white man who visited its waters, Captain Clark gave it the name of Lewis's River. . . .

He soon began to perceive that the Indian accounts had not exaggerated; at the distance of a mile he passed a small creek, and the points of four mountains, which were rocky, and so high that it seemed almost impossible to cross them with horses. . . .

This day Clark discovered a so-called woodpecker, which later became known as Clark's crow.

On August 23d,

Captain Clark set off very early, but as his route lay along the steep side of a mountain, over irregular and broken masses of rocks which wounded the horses' feet, he was obliged to proceed slowly. At the distance of four miles he reached the river, but the rocks here became so steep, and projected so far into the river, that there was no mode of passing except through the water. This he did for some distance, though the river was very rapid and so deep that they were forced to swim their horses. . . .

From the place where he had left the party to the mouth of this creek, it presents one continued rapid, in which are five shoals, neither [none] of which could be passed with loaded canoes; and the baggage must therefore be transported for a

considerable distance over the steep mountains, where it would be impossible to employ horses for the relief of the men. . . .

On the afternoon of the 23d he pushed ahead once more, and ascended a high mountain,

from which the guide now pointed out where the river broke through the mountains about twenty miles distant. . . . This view was terminated by one of the loftiest mountains Captain Clark had ever seen, which was perfectly covered with snow. Towards this formidable barrier the river went directly on, and there it was, as the guide observed, that the difficulties and dangers of which he and Cameahwait had spoken commenced. . . . But he was in need of no further evidence to convince him of the utter impracticability of the route before him. He had already witnessed the difficulties of part of the road; yet after all these dangers his guide, whose intelligence and fidelity he could not doubt, now assured him that the difficulties were only commencing, and what he saw before him too clearly convinced him of the Indian's veracity.

He therefore . . . returned to the . . . last creek he had passed and . . . encamped for the night.

Here he held a long interview with the guide, an intelligent old fellow, and,

after a great deal of conversation, or rather signs, and a second and more particular map from his guide, Captain Clark felt persuaded that his guide knew of a road from the Shoshonee village they had left to the great river [Clark's, or Bitter Root] to the north, without coming so low down as this on a route impracticable for horses.

They hastened their return as rapidly as possible, but as their diet now consisted almost entirely of berries, the men lacked strength and some of them were sick, so that they made slow progress. In passing some Indian lodges the people

treated them with great kindness, and though poor and dirty . . . they gave the whole party boiled salmon and dried berries, which were not, however, in sufficient quantities to appease their hunger.

At this time Clark and most of the men went twenty-four hours without anything to eat. Matters were indeed becoming serious; they obtained their food from day to day only and, rarely, in any one day, in sufficient quantity wholly to appease their ravenous appetites.

Captain Clark remained at the lower camp for a day or two, in the meantime sending forward the old guide to Captain Lewis to rehearse the state of affairs to him.

On August 29th, Captain Clark and his party, with the exception of Gass and one other, rejoined Lewis at the upper village and the traffic for horses was pushed vigorously.

The late misfortunes of the Shoshonees make the price higher than common, so that one horse cost a pistol, one hundred balls, some powder, and a knife; another was exchanged for a musket, and in this way we obtained twenty-nine. The horses themselves are young and vigorous, but they are very poor, and most of them have sore backs in consequence of the roughness of the Shoshonee saddle.

Gass's journal on this day describes the Indian method of making fire, which is always an interesting process to a white man the first time he sees it. My initiation was in 1874 among the Utes of the Uinta Reservation in Utah.

While I lay here to-day, one of the natives shewed me their method of producing fire, which is somewhat curious. They have two sticks ready for the operation, one about 9 and the other 18 inches long. The short stick they lay down flat and rub the end of the other upon it in a perpendicular direction for a few minutes; and the friction raises a kind of dust, which in a short time takes fire. These people make willow baskets so close and to such perfection as to hold water, for which purpose they make use of them. They make much use of the sunflower and lambs-quarter seed, as before mentioned; which with berries and wild cherries pounded together, compose the only bread they have any knowledge of, or in use. The fish they take in this river are of excellent kinds, especially the salmon, the roes of which when dried and pounded make the best of soup.

The expedition had now reached the crucial period of the journey. To pass the mountains northward and then to the westward, and then to reach the navigable waters of the Columbia was the task before them, and no man of them could forecast the result. Their provisions were virtually exhausted and they must, like an army cut loose from its base, live off the country, which here, as we have seen, meant a precarious existence. It was an anxious time, almost the only ray of sunshine among the clouds of despondency being the ability and reliability of the old guide and his assurance of being able to lead them across the mountains.

As Sacágawea had been, and was still to prove, a valuable help to the explorers, so this old Shoshone was to show himself a blessing to them.

On August 30th the main body moved down to the lower Indian camp, and on the 31st they all started down the river and that difficult stage of their journey, the crossing of the range, had begun.

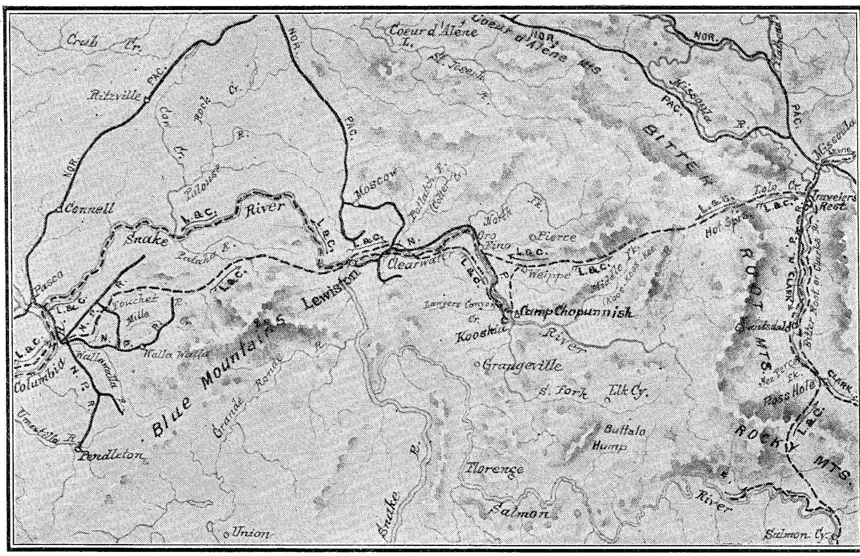
Gass thus refers to the cost of their cavalcade:

> The first cost of the articles, which had been given for each horse, did not amount to more than from three to five dollars; so that the whole of them only cost about one hundred dollars.

As the expedition set out down the river from the upper village on the 30th, the Shoshoni, who had delayed their own departure in order to trade with and to assist Lewis and Clark, started eastward for the buffalo country, and the expedition never saw them again.

If the rough-and-tumble life which our adventurers had so long been living had not eradicated all sentiment, we may rest assured that the parting with these copper-hued but truly hospitable people was not without its tender side. No truer hospitality nor purer friendship can be shown than that which these poor, rough, uncultured beings had ex-

hibited towards Lewis and Clark, and it is but simple justice and manliness to dwell upon it for a moment, for it marked a turning-point in the fortunes of the expedition, and stamped success instead of failure upon the whole enterprise. Consider for just a moment what the result must have been had the Shoshoni received them, not even in an openly hostile



The Route of Lewis and Clark, Crossing the Bitter Root Range. Lemhi River to Mouth of Walla Walla River.

manner, but simply in an ungracious, surly way; had they refused to trade with them or to give them the information necessary to guide them in their future course, or, if instead of freely sharing their salmon and their berry cakes with them, they had sullenly kept all they had, which was little enough for themselves.

In considering the success of Lewis and Clark we are compelled now and again to stop and acknowledge the material

aid rendered them by the natives, and in the case of the Shoshoni this assistance was simply inestimable.

Very little is said in the narrative regarding the stay of Bird-woman among her friends and tribe. She apparently evinced no desire to remain with them, and so far as we know, after the expedition left for the North, she never again saw her people. That her friendship for the whites and her relationship to Cameahwait and the tribe had an important influence upon their reception and treatment of the explorers, may be accepted as a self-evident truth.

In leaving the Lemhi River country the explorers followed Captain Clark's route down the Salmon River for about thirty miles below their first encampment on Columbian waters, or, eight or ten miles below the junction of the Lemhi and Salmon, to a certain Tower Creek, —not Berry Creek as the Biddle-Allen edition states,—which is now, presumably, Boyle's Creek. They ascended this creek four miles and then struck across the mountains, in a general northwestern direction, until they reached what they called Fish Creek, apparently the north fork of the Salmon River, six or seven miles below the main forks of the creek. They then ascended Fish Creek to the forks and, taking the western branch, followed it to the summit of the range and then descended the mountains to the headwaters of Clark's River, now the Ross fork of the Bitter Root.

To their camp of August 31st at the old Indian lodges on Tower Creek, the trail was fairly good, but from that point it was, as Gass puts it, "the worst road (if road it can be called) that was ever traveled." There was, in reality, no trail at all and they were compelled to cut their own trail through underbrush and trees and to wind about through fallen timber so that

> we are obliged to go up the sides of the hills, which are very steep, and then *down again in order to get along at all.* In going

up these ascents the horses would sometimes fall backwards, which injured them very much.

The ground was also rough and rocky and the men as well as the horses were tired out and bruised in making this passage. Poor York, perhaps, wished that he was just at this time back among his own people, for Gass records that,

about the middle of the day [September 1st] Captain Clarke's blackman's feet became so sore that he had to ride on horseback.

However, despite these obstacles, increased by rain and snow, they managed to reach the lowlands on the north of the range, but still west of the Continental Divide and on the waters of another branch of the Columbia, without loss of any men or animals. They ate the last of their pork before reaching the divide and had but a little flour left.

When they started from the Lemhi, besides their Indian guide, they were accompanied by four of his sons and another Indian. These left them on September 2d, according to Gass, but the guide was joined this same day by another son, who continued with them.

As we have already seen, Lewis and Clark overestimated, more or less, the mileage they made. The record also shows that in their compass readings they sometimes recorded west when they meant east, north when it should have been south, and their direction courses were not always accurately given. In working out the explorers' route across these mountains, Dr. Coues ran against a "snag" on Ross's Fork where the Captains met the Flatheads and camped.

The record reads in part:

SEPTEMBER 4th, . . . We crossed a high mountain which forms the dividing ridge between the waters of the creek we had been ascending and those running to the north and west [or between the Salmon and the Bitter Root]. We had not gone more than six miles over the snow when we reached the head of a stream from the right, which directed its course more to the

westward. We descended the steep sides of the hills along its border, and at the distance of three miles found a small branch coming in from the eastward. . . . Then we pursued the course of the stream for three miles, till it emptied itself into a river from the east. In the wide valley at their junction, we discovered a large encampment of Indians; when we had reached them and alighted from our horses, we were received with great cordiality. A council was immediately assembled, white robes were thrown over our shoulders, and the pipe of peace [was] introduced.

They remained with the Indians during the 5th and the narrative continues:

SEPTEMBER 6th. We continued this morning with the Ootlashoots, from whom we purchased two more horses, and procured a vocabulary of their language. The Ootlashoots set off about two o'clock to join the different bands who were collecting at the Three Forks of the Missouri. We ourselves proceeded at the same time, and taking a direction N. 30 W., crossed, within the distance of one mile and a half, a small river from the right and a creek coming in from the north. This river is the main stream, and when it reaches the end of the valley, where the mountains close in upon it, is joined by the river on which we encamped last evening, as well as by the creek just mentioned. To the river thus formed we gave the name of Captain Clark, he being the first white man who had ever visited its waters.

To one unfamiliar with the region the narrative is hardly consistent, or at least is not plain, and one who has visited the spot finds some difficulty at first in harmonizing it with the locality. The apparent confliction in the number and the courses of the streams down in the valley and noted by Coues, is I think, owing to obscurity in the narrative in describing the descent into the valley.

In ascending Fish Creek the party kept to the left side of that stream, and their direction of travel, with one immaterial exception, was always to the west of north, considerably so much of the time. This, I think, brought them out on the head of a branch of Camp Creek,—the name of the

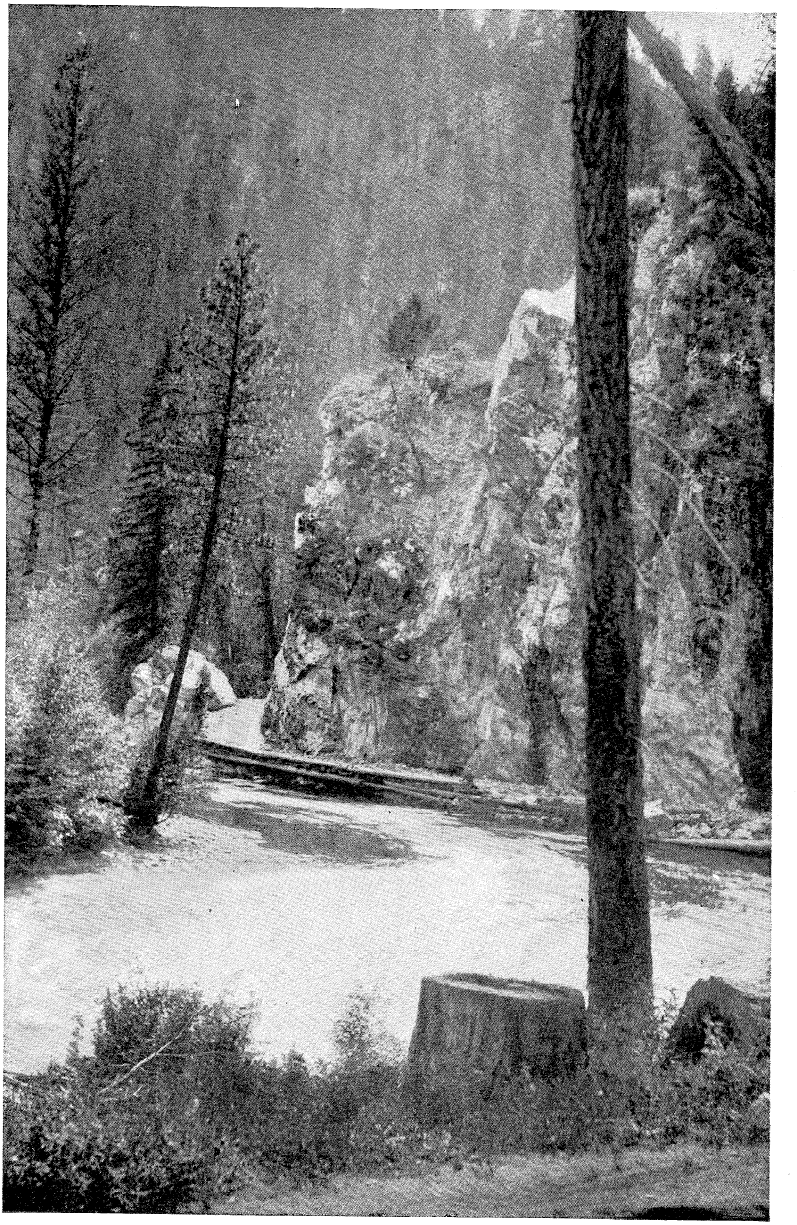
main creek here which the explorers first struck,—instead of on the main stream, and to the northwest of the head of the main creek. In order to get down into the valley of Camp Creek they were compelled to go at some time, in a northeastern direction, but no such course is given by them. I think the last course reading of Clark's on September 4th, which he gives as "N. 35° W. 3 m. down this run to the river which comes from the east," should probably read N. 35° E. This would have taken them down a good-sized branch of Camp Creek, near the mouth of which Mr. Waugh now lives, and on which Mr. Wright and I camped in 1899, and to the "river which comes from the east," which does not, however, come from the east as much as from the southeast. Then, when leaving camp on the 6th, a mile and a half would bring them to the main fork of the river, "the small river from the right and a creek coming in from the north," and the entire narrative would be consistent with itself and with the situation as it exists.

I am led to believe that this interpretation is correct for two other reasons: first, the narrative of September 6th distinctly states that "the small river from the right . . . is the main stream" and it is not "the river on which we encamped last evening," and the relation of all these rivers, creeks, the cañon just below the junction, and the trail by which they left the valley, to each other and to the locality precisely fits this explanation. Second, Camp Creek runs through a valley that meets the description of the narrative as to the place where they camped with the Ootlashoots, and it is so named because it has always been a favorite camping ground of the Indians.

By a reference to my notes since writing the foregoing I find that this interpretation coincides, also, with statements made to me in 1899 by Mr. Waugh as to the course of the old Salmon River trail.

The details of the narrative are so indefinite and obscure as to the descent to Camp Creek, that a further and detailed examination might force a modification as to a part of this statement but of one fact, there can be no question; the camp of the Indians and of Lewis and Clark from September 4th to September 6th was on Camp Creek and not on Ross's Fork.

The point at which the expedition now finds itself after its fearful trip across the range is a beautiful park, or "hole" as it was wont to be called, among the mountains, some twenty miles above and south from the present terminus of the Bitter Root Valley branch of the Northern Pacific Railway. It is right in the northern angle formed by the Bitter Root range with the main range of the Rockies, which latter extends northeastward toward Anaconda. Sula is its post-office, and there are several families living there and on Ross's Fork and affluent creeks, and it is generally known as Ross's Hole. Ross's Fork comes in from the east and Camp Creek joins it from the southeast at almost a right angle, and a little way below the junction the combined waters enter a cañon of fine proportions, wild, rough, and picturesque, through which they flow, cutting through the mountains, into the Bitter Root Valley. There has been little real change here since Lewis and Clark camped with the Ootlashoots. Some of the trails have been expanded into roads, but the mountains are as high and savage in appearance and as heavily timbered as in 1805. A road to the settlements of the Bitter Root Valley now runs through the cañon which was avoided by the trail used by Lewis and Clark. This trail, as it left the valley, followed a depression just west of the "creek coming in from the north," now known as Cameron Creek, and then swung toward the northwest. It descended into the Bitter Root Valley at two points: one, at the wagon bridge across the Bitter Root River near Wildes's



Head of Cañon of Bitter Root River, near Junction of Ross's Fork and Camp Creek.

Spring, the other, down the valley of Rye, or Rye Grass Creek. At the former place the old trail is very plain and is even yet used; at the mouth of Rye Creek the hills are plainly marked with trails which may well have been Indian trails originally. This trail avoided the cañon which the road now follows and which was a difficult and, in some respects, a dangerous defile.

At Ross's Hole the Salmon River trail and the one from the Wisdom River and upper Jefferson, or Red Rock Creek, converged.

Unless the old Shoshone guide had not been over the Fish Creek trail for a long time and was, therefore, unfamiliar with it at this time,—there is no evidence that he got lost as Coues suggests; quite the contrary indeed,—it is strange that he did not lead the expedition back across the Lewis and Clark—Lemhi—Pass and around by the trail that Clark used a year later on his return to Shoshone Cove. This would have been a somewhat longer route in miles, but a much easier one to travel, and it would probably have taken no more time.

The Indians whom the explorers met here were those of a tribe whose virtues and unwavering fidelity and friendliness to the whites seem almost like fiction. Lewis and Clark knew them as Ootlashoots; we know them as Flatheads, or more correctly, Salish. The term Flathead, applied to them, is an utter misnomer, apparently without foundation in fact.

Father Palladino [1] states that these Indians never flattened the heads of their infants. The tribes to the west did, and the Nez Percés probably did also, in the early days; but, according to universal testimony, the Salish were guiltless of this monstrous practice.

The reception of the party by the Indians was cordial

[1] *Indian and White in the Northwest*, L. B. Palladino, S. J., Baltimore, John Murphy & Co. 1894.

and friendly to a degree, although these were the first white men they had ever seen. Learning, some years since, that I could obtain from an old and reliable Indian, François, on the Flathead Reservation, the story of this meeting, I wrote to my friend Father D'Aste, a priest who has been long in the country, at St. Ignatius Mission, and asked him if he could obtain the story for me. With a change here and there, I let Father D'Aste tell the story in his own words:

ST. IGNATIUS MISSION, Sept. 5, 1899.

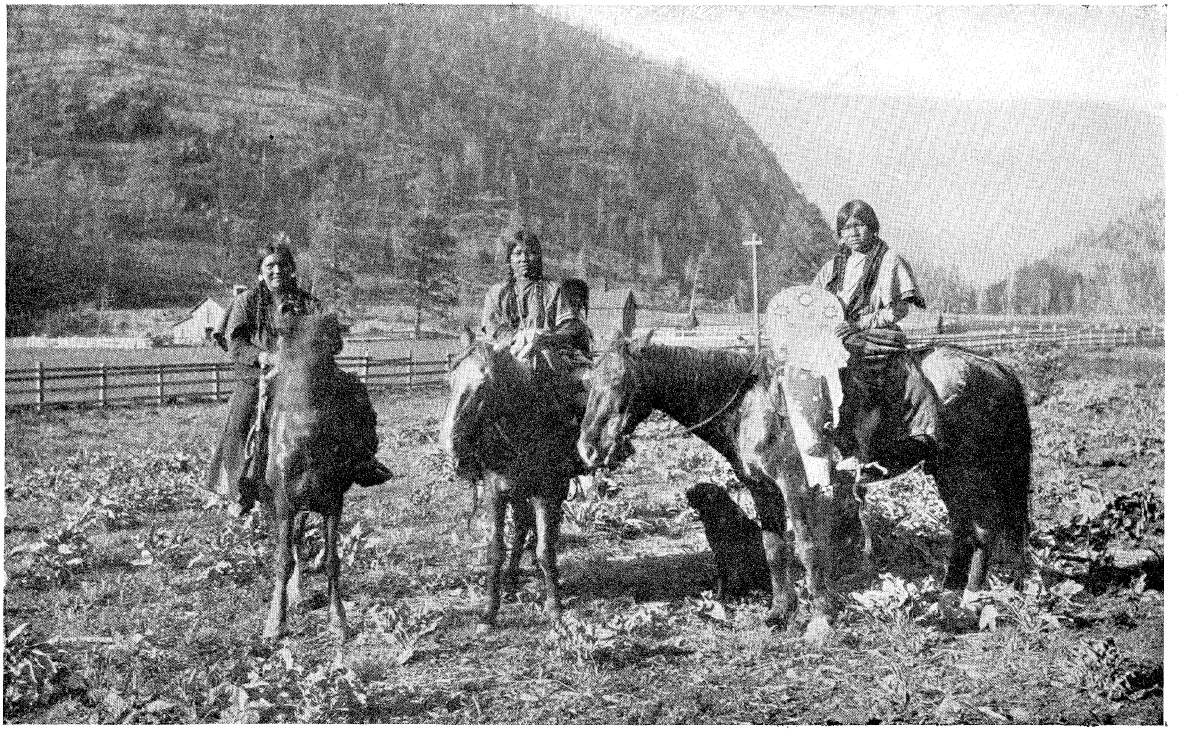
I had three days ago a chance to see, at the agency, the old Indian, François Saxà, and asked him to tell me what he had heard the old Agnes, the wife of Chief Victor and stepmother of Charlot relate about the first meeting of the Flathead Indians and the explorers, Lewis and Clark. You know that this man, François, while living in Bitterroot valley, enjoyed the enviable reputation among the settlers of being a truthful man, on whose words they could always depend. He said he remembered very well what the old Agnes related to the Indians about that historical meeting.

The Flathead Indians were camping at Ross's hole, or Ross's fork, at the head of Bitterroot valley, when one day the old chief, *Three Eagles*, the father of Chief Victor and grandfather of Charlot, left the camp to go scouting the country, fearing there might be some Indian enemies sneaking around with the intent to steal horses, as it was done then very frequently. He saw at a distance Lewis and Clark's party, about twenty men, each man leading two pack horses, except two, who were riding ahead, who were Lewis and Clark. The old chief, seeing that these men wore no blankets, did not know what to think of them. It was the first time he had met men without blankets. What kind of beings could they be? The first thought was that they were a party of men who, traveling, had been robbed by some Indians of their blankets. He went back to his people and, reporting to them what he had seen, he gave orders that all the horses should be driven in and watched, for fear the party he had seen might be on a stealing expedition. He then went back toward the party of strange beings, and, hiding himself in the timber, watched them.

When they came to the open prairie he noticed that they traveled slowly and unconcerned, all together, the two leaders going ahead of the party and looking around, as if surveying the

country and consulting with their men. He thought within himself: These must be two chiefs; but what can they be after? To make things more complicated for the old chief, there was a colored man in the party. What can this man be? When the Indians were going to the buffalo hunt they had a custom, if any sign would appear of some of their enemies being hiding around, to have a *war dance* to encourage one another to fight and be brave. For this dance the Indian warriors would paint themselves, some in red, some in yellow, and some in black, etc., and from the color each had chosen to paint himself his name was called. This black face, thought the old chief, must surely be a man who painted his face black in sign of war. The party must have had a fight with some hostile Indians and escaped from their enemies, losing only their blankets.

Seeing that the strangers were traveling in the direction of his camp, the old chief went back to his people and told them to keep quiet and wait for the party to come near. From the easy and unconcerned way the strange beings were traveling, the Indians inferred that they had no intention to fight or to injure them. Hence, when they saw the strangers advancing, in the same manner, toward them, and were already near their camp, the Indians did not move, but kept watching. When the two leaders of the party, coming to the Indian camp, showed friendship to the Indians, there was a universal shaking of hands. The chief then gave orders to the Indians to bring in the best buffalo hides, one for each man to sit on, and the best buffalo robes also, one for each man to use as a blanket. Then the two leaders, observing that the Indians were using, for smoking, the leaves of some plant, a plant very much alike to our tobacco plant, asked for some and filled their pipes; but as soon as they tried to smoke, they pronounced the *Indian tobacco* no good. Cutting some of their own tobacco they gave it to the Indians, telling them to fill their pipes with it. But it was too much for them, who had never tried the American weed, and all began to cough, with great delight to the party. Then the two leaders asked the Indians for some Kinnikinnick, mixed it with the tobacco, and gave again to the Indians the prepared weed to smoke. This time the Indians found it excellent, and in their way thanked the men whom they now believed a friendly party. On their side the whites, seeing the friendly dispositions of the Indians, decided to camp right there, and they began to unpack their horses, giving the Indians to understand that they also had blankets in their packs, but that they used them only to sleep in, and gave them back the robes. The Indians were



67 *Flathead, or Salish, Indian Women on the Jocko Reservation, Montana.*

soon out of their wits when they saw some of the men packing on their shoulders pretty good sized logs for their camp fires, and conceived a great idea of the power of the white man. All went on friendly, and after three days they started off, directed to Lolo fork's trail by the Indians, as the best way to go to the Nez Percés' country.

I am yours respectfully,
J. D'Aste, S. J.

There is nothing in this account that appears to conflict with what the explorers state, and it is interesting as giving the Indians' view of the event.

Lewis and Clark record of the Salish at Ross's Hole as follows:

We then began to traffic for horses, and succeeded in exchanging seven, purchasing eleven, for which we gave a few articles of merchandise.

This camp consists of thirty-three lodges, in which were about four hundred souls, among whom eighty were men. They are called Ootlashoots, and represent themselves as one band of a nation called Tushepaws, a numerous people of four hundred and fifty lodges, residing on the heads of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, and some of them lower down the latter river. . . . Their only wealth is their horses, which are very fine, and so numerous that this party had with them at least five hundred.

Gass says that when the expedition left the Ootlashoots they had forty horses and three colts, also that the Indians' dogs were so hungry that they ate several pairs of "mockasons last night."

The Salishan family of whom these Ootlashoots formed a part occupied a large part of Washington and Oregon, and extended well up into British Columbia and down into Montana. Lewis and Clark met them at the southeastern extremity of their range. For long years these Indians occupied the Bitter Root Valley, and it was not until 1891 that the last of them removed to the Jocko agency, northwest from Missoula, Montana.

These were the Indians who, in connection with the Nez Percés, sent the various delegations to St. Louis between the years 1831–39, asking for "the Book" — the Bible — and the "Black Robes," the missionaries.

In 1840, the now renowned Father De Smet established a Catholic mission among these Indians, and Catholics they remain to this day. The Jefferson River from Red Rock Lake to the Three Forks was the theatre of De Smet's first labors. In 1841, he moved over to the Bitter Root Valley and established his first mission near the present town of Stevensville. The Fathers gave the name St. Mary's to the mission, river, and valley; but this name, as regards the river and valley, was long since supplanted by that of the Bitter Root. The old St. Mary's Mission Church at Stevensville still stands, one of the land marks of the valley. Occasional services are held there by some Father from a neighboring town or mission, who visits the church for that purpose, but the Indians are gone.

The first grist-mill and the first saw-mill in Montana were both constructed at this mission by the Jesuit Fathers. The mill-stones for the grist-mill were brought from Europe and were but fifteen inches in diameter. As for the equipment for the saw-mill, Father Palladino states that, "four wagon tires welded together made the crank, while a fifth one was first flattened out and hardened into a steel blade by dint of hammering, and then filed into a saw." A sledge-hammer made from tin cans was another home-made implement of mission manufacture.

No tribe of Indians in the United States has received more and higher encomiums than have these Ootlashoots, Salish, or Flatheads, whose knowledge of white and black men was first obtained through Lewis and Clark. Their standards of honesty and morality were and are higher than those of most Indians.

Gass, speaking of the Flatheads in general, after commenting upon the immoralities of the various tribes they had seen, remarks:

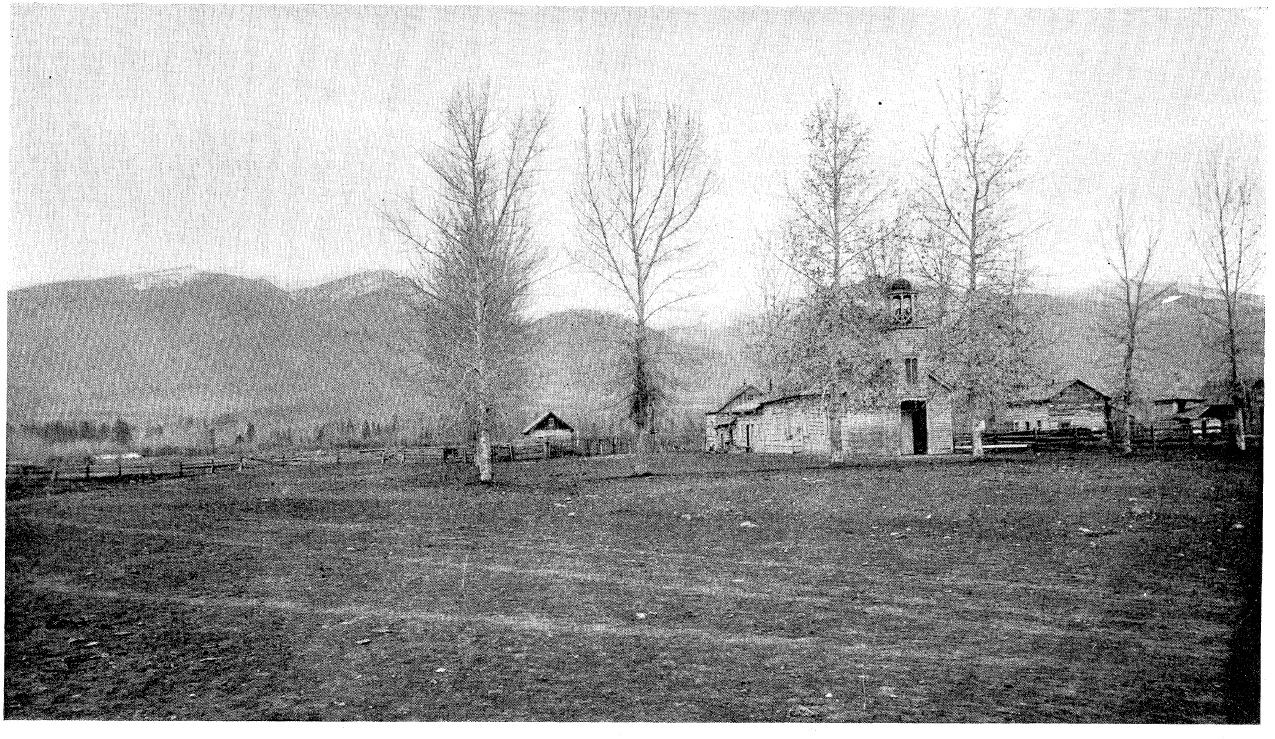
> To the honour of the Flatheads, who live on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, and extend some distance down the Columbia, we must mention them as an exception; . . . and they are the only nation on the whole route where anything like chastity is regarded.

Father De Smet, as is well known, could hardly say enough in favor of this tribe, and Governor Stevens, and Captain Mullan, one of his assistants, both of whom knew these Indians well, were unqualified in their praise. Ross Cox, one of the Astorians, who spent some time among the lodges of these people in 1813–14, paid this tribute to them:

> With the exception of the cruel treatment of their prisoners (which, as it is general among all savages, must not be imputed to them as a peculiar vice), the Flat-heads have fewer failings than any of the tribes I ever met with. They are honest in their dealings, brave in the field, quiet and amenable to their chiefs, fond of cleanliness, and decided enemies to falsehood of every description. The women are excellent wives and mothers, and their character for fidelity is so well established, that we never heard an instance of one of them proving unfaithful to her husband. They are also free from the vice of backbiting, so common among the lower tribes; and laziness is a stranger among them. Both sexes are comparatively very fair, and their complexions are a shade lighter than the palest new copper after being freshly rubbed. They are remarkably well made, rather slender, and never corpulent.

Ferris, who was among them in 1831, says:

> The ancient superstitions have given place to the more enlightened views of the Christian faith, and they seem to have become deeply and profitably impressed with the great truths of the Gospel. They appear to be very devout and orderly, and never eat, drink, or sleep, without giving thanks to God.



St. Mary's Mission, Stevensville, Mont., where Father De Smet Established himself among the Salish, or Flathead, Indians. Bitter Root Range in the Background.

Wyeth was among these Indians in 1832 and he praised them highly.

The mettle and the sincerity of these people were shown in 1877, during the Nez Percé war. At that time Chief Charlot and his band of Flatheads were still in the Bitter Root Valley. Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés came across the mountains from Idaho by the same pass through which we are about to accompany Lewis and Clark, and after remaining near Stevensville for a day or two ascended the valley to Ross's Hole and then crossed the main Rockies to the Wisdom River and Jefferson River valleys.

The whites in Bitter Root Valley were at first greatly alarmed, and in their panic, seemed as much afraid of the peaceful Flatheads as of the Nez Percés. Charlot, when Joseph, Looking Glass, and the other Nez Percé chiefs offered to shake hands with him, unceremoniously refused to do so because their hands were "reeking with the white man's blood." He gave the Nez Percés plainly to understand that if any hostilities or depredations were committed against the white people of *that* valley, they would have to reckon not alone with the white soldiers, but with him and his Indians. The whites were not molested by the Nez Percés in their transit through the valley. As a fact, many of the settlers and storekeepers made money by selling to the Nez Percés, ranch and other supplies and ammunition.

When it is recalled that the Flatheads and Nez Percés were connected by the strongest ties of friendship, the moral bravery and the importance of Charlot's position and action will be fully understood. Since the removal of the Flatheads, or Salish, to the Jocko Reservation, these Indians are seldom seen in the valley of the Bitter Root. The Nez Percés occasionally cross the range from the Clearwater country and, in 1899, I saw a band of them there.

On the day that Lewis and Clark departed from Ross's

Hole, they started late and travelled only a few miles. An important entry reads:

> Our stock of flour was now exhausted and we had but little corn, and as our hunters had killed nothing except two pheasants, our supper consisted chiefly of berries.

Their progress down Clark's River, as the explorers then called this stream, was uneventful. On the 7th of September they passed the junction of the Nez Percé fork with the main stream, and the entries of the journal relate almost entirely to passing or crossing creeks and "runs," of which there are a large number, the valley being abundantly watered on either side by fine, beautiful trout streams. There are so many of these lateral creeks that actual identification of a large number of them is not easy nor does it matter. The march of the explorers was now a holiday procession in comparison with the experiences of the days preceding, and they reached what they called Traveller's-rest Creek on the afternoon of September 9th.

At this day it is rather amusing to read the comments in the regular narrative, and also of Gass regarding this valley.

> The valley through which we passed is of poor soil, and its fertility is injured by the quantity of stone scattered over it; . . . the valley continues to be a poor stony land, with scarcely any timber.

This is the burden of the explorers' tale. Gass remarks once or twice that the country is "mountainous and poor and the game scarce"; again, "the soil of the valley is poor and gravelly."

As a matter of fact the Bitter Root Valley is one of the most fertile and prolific to be found anywhere. The valley appears to have been an ancient lake bed. There are very large gravel and boulder areas here and there as Gass states, and he would doubtless have been mystified beyond belief

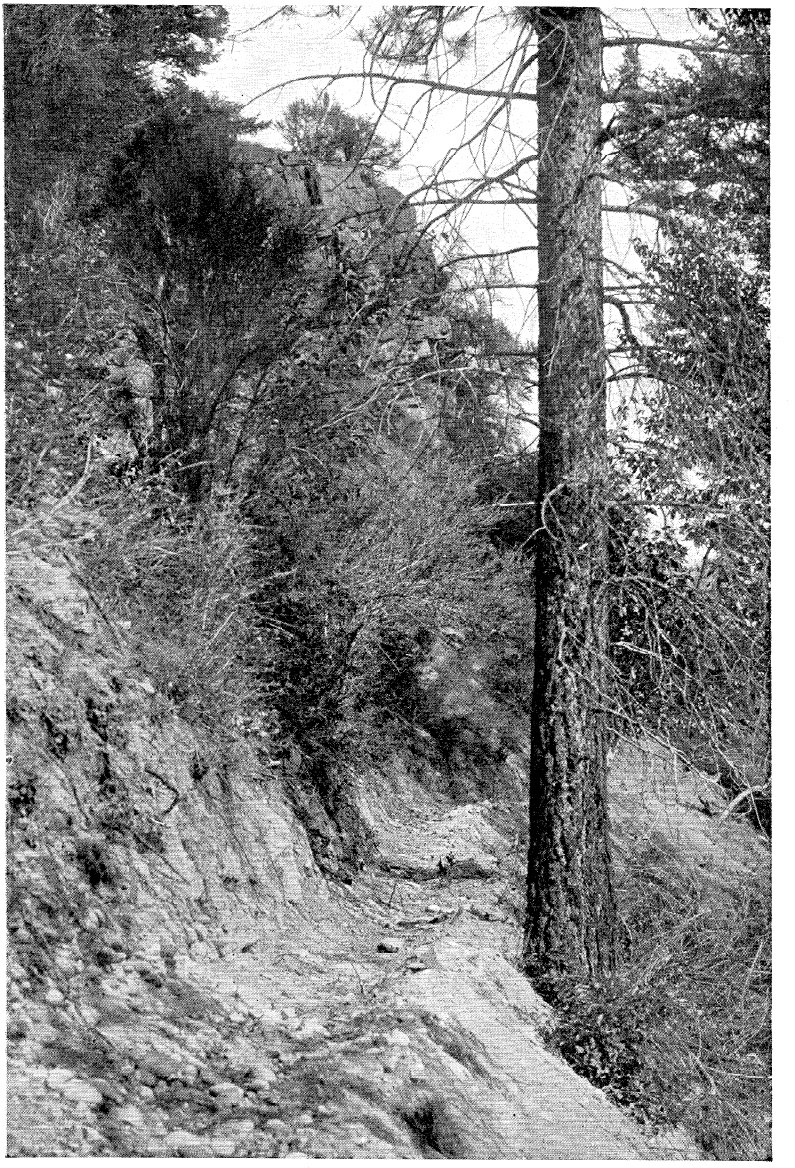
had he known that these stony benches were destined to be the sites of magnificent orchards.

On the night of September 7th the party camped a few miles south from the present town of Grantsdale, apparently just above Weeping Child, not Sleeping Child, Creek. In the summer of 1898 I drove across a rough, bouldered spur of the high bench on the opposite side of the river and overlooking the wide stretch of valley in which Lewis and Clark had camped. Along both sides of the road, which ran through a large fruit ranch, the boulders were piled in solid, continuous phalanxes as high as the fences, and in the fields on each side there were huge piles of stones, and there were yet vast numbers to be cleared from the fields. Down the slope among the yet unremoved boulders there were small irrigating canals, watering the long, straight lines of young thrifty apple trees that were growing there to the number of 48,000; and this was but one fruit ranch.

The name Weeping Child for the creek mentioned, near which the expedition camped, is the translation of an Indian name and is based upon a curious tradition current among the old Indians, who were very superstitious. This tradition I obtained from the Rev. E. J. Stanley of Corvallis, Mont., and the substance of it is, that

> a long time ago when a traveler passed that way he would hear a child weeping, and on going to the place would find a real child. Moved by sympathy he would take it in his arms. It would be very hungry, and he would place his finger in its mouth to satisfy it, and it would begin to nurse and keep on until it would suck all the flesh from his finger, then from his arm, and even from his entire body, leaving nothing but a skeleton, when it would disappear and wait for another victim, which would be treated in the same way and share the same fate. This was kept up until there was a very great pile of bones at this place.

During the 7th and 8th of September the cavalcade of



The Old Indian Trail along the East Fork of the Bitter Root River, at Wagon Bridge, near Wildes's Spring.

adventurers was passing through what, ninety years later, was the magnificent stock, grain, and fruit ranch of the late Marcus Daly.

A beautiful flower, a beautiful river, a beautiful valley, a magnificent mountain range—such is the Bitter Root. The flower is a small plant that blooms in June and is common to many of the Montana valleys. It seems to thrive more especially in the Bitter Root Valley, and this circumstance has given to the valley its name. The petals are of a beautiful, delicate pink or rose color; the root is edible, and was formerly much used by Indians and mountaineers for food, but it is very bitter. The Indians dry it, and in this condition it will keep for years. The botanical name of the plant is *Lewisia rediviva*, after Captain Lewis; the Shoshone Indians, Granville Stuart says, call it *Konah;* the Flathead, or Salish, Indians characterize it by the word *Spitlem.*

The Bitter Root is the State flower of Montana, and it is entirely worthy of the honor thus shown it.

The Salish Indian name for the Bitter Root River is *Spitlem seulkn*, the water of the Bitter Root, and the valley is called *Spitlemen*, the place of the Bitter Root.

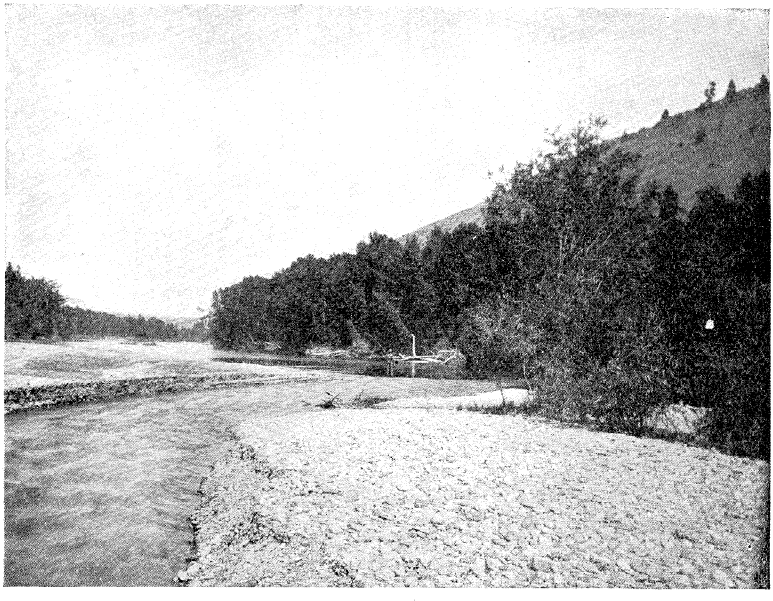
At Traveller's-rest Creek the party remained two days. This creek is a beautiful stream, one 'of the largest in the valley, flowing from the heart and higher altitudes of the Bitter Root range. The name Traveller's rest fitted the locality, and it is a pity that it was ever displaced even by such a satisfactory name as Lolo, the name now borne by the stream. Another name by which the creek was charted was Lou Lou, but a few years since the United States Board on Geographic Names adopted Lolo as the proper name.

The manner of the naming by Lewis and Clark was on this wise:

> It is a fine bold creek of clear water about twenty yards wide, and we call it *Traveller's-rest* Creek; for . . . we deter-

mined to remain for the purpose of making celestial observations and collecting some food. . . .

The explorers make no very clear statement as to where they camped on Traveller's-rest Creek, until their return in 1806, when Clark's compass courses down Lolo Creek state



Junction of Traveller's-rest—Lolo—Creek and Bitter Root River, Montana.

that they crossed the creek to the south side "1 m. above camp and 2 m. above its mouth," which would make their camp ground one mile above the mouth of the stream.

The land hereabout is now divided into small farms and orchards and all old trails are largely obliterated, but the trail which the explorers followed evidently brought them to a point on the creek near where both the main county road and the Northern Pacific Railway cross the stream, and just south of Lolo station.

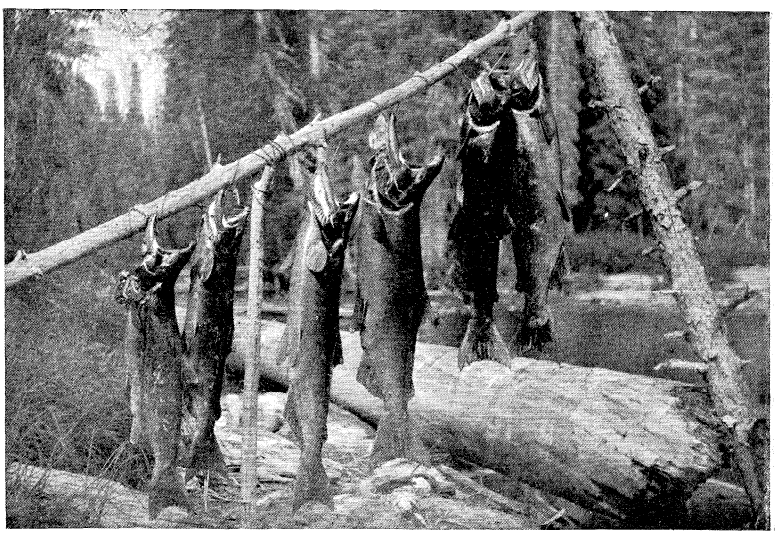
The origin of the word "Lolo," the present name of Traveller's-rest Creek, is also of interest. Some years ago the writer started an investigation among the old settlers and among the Fathers who had been in Montana since early days, and we arrived, I think, at the truth in the matter. There are several plausible stories current regarding this name, but the word comes from the English word "Lawrence" and as the Flathead language contains no *r*, Lawrence easily became Lolo. Judge Frank H. Woody of Missoula, who has been in the region since 1856, kindly led in the investigation of this matter for me, and I quote his own conclusions:

> That the name, Lolo, is the nearest that the Indians could get to "Lawrence," I have no longer any doubt. Father D'Aste and Father Palladino, who are among the oldest of the Jesuit Fathers now living, are both of this opinion. They say that they have known more than one instance in which men by the name of Lawrence have been called Lolo by the red men. Duncan McDonald, who is one of the best informed men in the Northwest regarding the early history of the Indians, coincides with this opinion. Since I have been engaged in this research, I have received several letters from different parts of the state in regard to the subject, and nearly all of them are in support of this theory.
>
> It has been the current opinion, and I myself have shared it until now, that the name of the stream, the pass, and the mountain were derived from the name of an old half-breed, who lived in that region. The grave of this old man may still be seen in the pass [below the pass near Grave Creek], and until I undertook this investigation, I never questioned the authenticity of this story. The Indian whose name was given by the whites to this stream was well known to many of the early residents and, I am told by Duncan McDonald, was a famous hunter and trapper. McDonald is so well informed regarding these matters, that I accept his statement as a fact. The name evidently came from the name of this Indian, whose baptismal name had been corrupted by the red men from Lawrence to Lolo.
>
> The Indian name of the stream was "Tum-sum-lech," the

Flathead word for "Salmonless," or "No Salmon." In all of the creeks and rivers across the range, the Clearwater and its several branches, is an abundance of salmon, but none were ever found in the Lolo, hence its Indian name.

While other ingenious explanations are given, this one seems to have the weight of authority back of it.

Those interested in folklore, tradition, etc., will read with interest the Flathead legend as to the lack of salmon in this



Clearwater—Kooskooskee—River Salmon.

stream and the adjoining waters, which fact was pointed out by Lewis and Clark. This tradition I also obtained from Judge Woody:

The Indians of this section, like all others, had a legendary explanation of the origin of the natural phenomena that they saw around them. In all of the Flathead tales the "Coyote" is the hero, like "Brer Rabbit" in the negro tales of the South. The "Coyote" is the hero of the story concerning the absence of salmon in the stream, Tum-sum-lech.

It appears that the Coyote married. His alliance was a love

match, but he was a fickle fellow, and when two sons arrived he showed no inclination to support them or his wife. The wife, however, invoked higher authority and compelled Coyote to provide for his family. He complained bitterly, and told his troubles to the spirits across the range. They sympathized with him, and gave him a salmon that he was to take and place in the stream Tum-sum-lech, to furnish food for his wife and children. The only condition that was imposed upon him was that when he took the salmon across the range, he should not look back. It was the same injunction that was given to Lot's wife. Coyote missed just as the woman of Scripture did. He took the salmon in his mouth and climbed the western side of the range. He kept his eyes frontward till he reached the summit. Then the demands of nature compelled him to pause. He stopped and laid down the salmon. At that instant he thoughtlessly cast his eye back to the valley that he had just left. As he did so, the salmon slipped down the mountain-side, and back into the Clearwater. The opportunity for stocking the stream with salmon was lost, and so it was called Tum-sum-lech—No Salmon. This name became forgotten in the simpler one, Lolo, that remains to-day.

On September 10, one of the hunters brought into camp three Tushepaw, or Flathead, Indians, whom it was hoped might be induced to guide the party across the mountains. The Indians declined to remain, unfortunately for the explorers.

On the afternoon of September 11, 1805, the expedition, leaving Traveller's-rest and the beautiful valley and river, turned directly west up Traveller's-rest, or Lolo, Creek itself, and began their second attempt to cross the mountains to the Columbia.

The first eight or ten miles up this stream was and is through a fine bottom now occupied by ranches. Then Lewis and Clark were compelled to take to the rugged hills, for the mountains closed in tightly, and the cañon became narrow, brushy, and rough.

The trail across the hills was necessarily steep and hard, and they had much severe climbing to do. The narrative

accounts are quite meagre as to details and do not agree well. On the 12th, for example, the regular narrative says, "the road had been very bad during the first part of the day," and it adds:

> We found the account of the scantiness of game but too true. . . . Along the road we observed many of the pine trees peeled off, which is done by the Indians to procure the inner bark for food in the spring.

Gass says:

> Having travelled 2 miles we reached the mountains which are very steep; but the road over them pretty good, as it is much travelled by the natives, who come across to the Flathead river to gather cherries and berries. Our hunters in a short time killed 4 deer.

The peeled pine trees can still be seen throughout this region, wherever the old Indian trails ran.

Early on the 13th the party reached the Hot Springs, a determinable point of great importance in their route across the range. There are two sets of hot springs here, and it is only in the record of the compass courses of the party on the return, in 1806, that anything is said that makes it unmistakably clear which springs were visited.

Less than two miles above the explorers' camp of the 12th, Traveler's-rest Creek forks, the northern branch bearing the name of Granite Creek. Just above the forks, on the latter creek, among a maze of huge granite boulders, the Granite Hot Springs pour forth. On the other fork, the Traveler's-rest, or Lolo, Creek proper, half a mile perhaps by the trails across the hill—travelled now as they were then—and somewhat farther as the creek and road run, are what are known as Boyle's Springs, and these are they to which the narrative refers.

This spot is a most beautiful one, a little opening or dell nestling in the very arms of the range. A striking feature

of it is a great rock on the extreme northern edge, surmounted by a rock pinnacle from the top of which one obtains a fine view of the entire clearing, and a fairly satisfactory one of the divide to the south wherein lies the Lolo Pass. Both of these groups of springs are now open to the public and are largely patronized, the accommodations being comfortable, for such a spot. Boyle's Springs break out from just such rocks as the journal mentions, on the west side of the little valley.

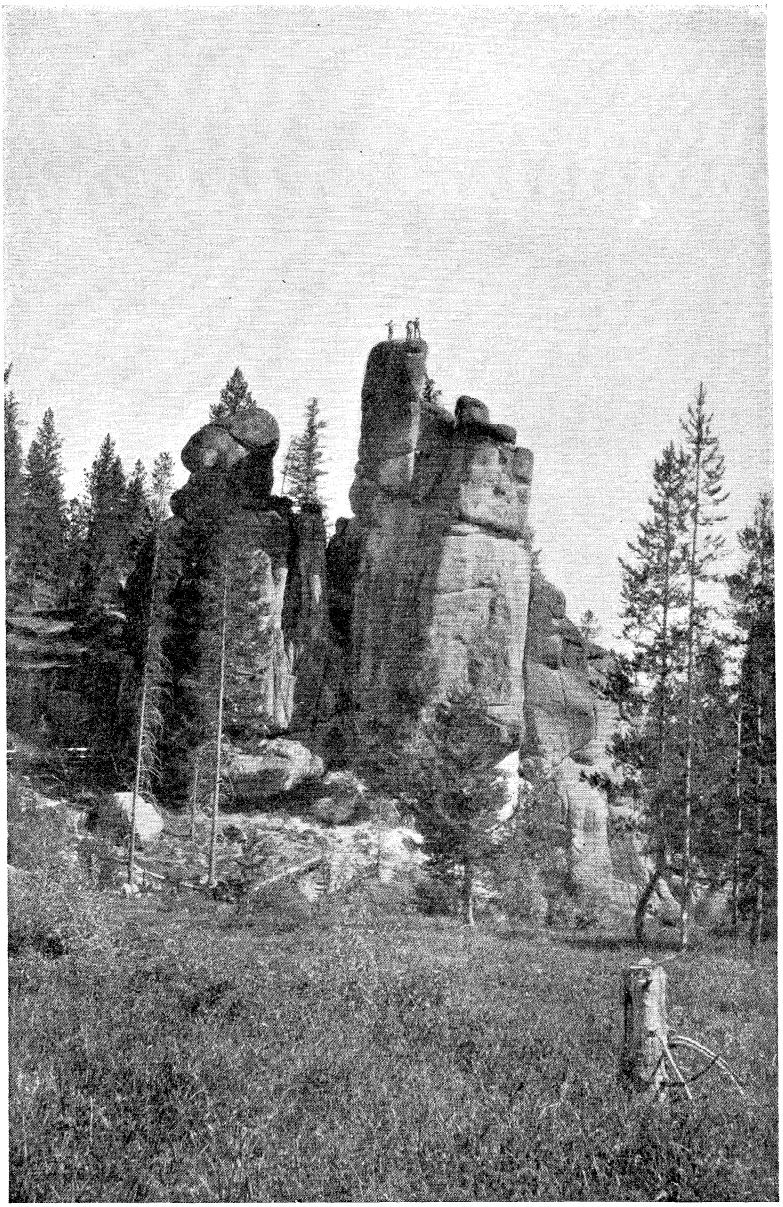
On the return, in 1806, the narrative refers to the springs in these words:

> These warm springs are situated at the foot of a hill on the north side of Traveller's-rest Creek, which is ten yards wide at this place. They issue from the bottoms, and through the interstices of a gray freestone rock which rises in irregular masses round their lower side. The principal spring, which the Indians have formed into a bath by stopping the run with stone and pebbles, is about the same temperature as the warmest bath used at the hot springs in Virginia. On trying, Captain Lewis could with difficulty remain in it nineteen minutes, and then was affected with a profuse perspiration. . . .

There is now a good road up Lolo Creek to both springs, and a stage-coach runs daily during the season to and from Missoula.

The first time I made this trip the road crossed the stream something like forty times, but recent improvements have cut out almost all of these crossings. The cañon is a wild and rugged one and the ride through it full of interest. The old trail is distinctly visible at several points where it drops down from those "steep, stony sides of hills and along the hollows and ravines, rendered more disagreeable by fallen timber," of which our explorers write.

From this point the explorers are about to enter a country where they experience, probably, all told, the worst privations and endure the greatest hardships of the entire explora-



High Pinnacle Rock at Lolo Hot Springs, Montana. The Old Trail can be Seen just to the Left of the Rock in the Trees.

tion. It is also a point where, metaphorically, their trail has been, as an Indian might say, washed out. That is to say, hitherto the topography of the region has been so little known, and the maps have been so worthless, that no one has ever been able to do more than vaguely guess at their trail across this wild, craggy range. Owing to a rare combination of circumstances, the writer feels that he has been able accurately to map the routes of the explorers, both going and coming, across this region.

Before starting on this rough and rocky trail let us study the country in the light of recent, detailed Government explorations and reports.

The great mountains, deep gorges, rushing streams, heavily timbered hillsides across which Lewis and Clark toiled in 1805–06 are now a part of the United States Bitter Root Forest Reserve, and are, in their principal features, scarcely changed from what they were one hundred years ago, except as forest fires may have somewhat affected them.

From the report of John B. Leiberg to the Director of the United States Geological Survey, relating to this reserve, I extract the following matter, and run it together here as a connected whole:

> The western slope of the Bitterroot Mountains is primarily formed by a few great branches from the main range, which in their turn branch out into a vast mass of curving, winding, peak-crowned spurs, constituting the watersheds of the Clearwater basins. The primary divides with the great number of lateral spurs to which they give rise, form a perfect maze of bewildering ridges. The crest of the range is a succession of sharp, craggy peaks and "hogbacks," with long east and west swinging curves alternating with deep saddles where the larger cañons have their rise. The peaks attain elevations of 8,000 to 9,000 feet—in some instances 10,000 feet—while the deeper saddles, which form the passes of the range, have elevations of 5,800 to 6,500 feet. The direct western slope of the main backbone of the system has been cut and fissured by great glaciers

that have long since disappeared, but which left behind beetling crags, deep cañons with precipitous walls, and a general ruggedness in the landscape that time has not yet succeeded in modifying, except in a very small degree.

The main range of the Bitterroots north of Nez Percés Pass has always proved a formidable barrier in the way of travel from east to west in this region. . . . The three trails extending across the reserve, the Lolo trail on the north, the trail through Lost Horse Pass in the centre, and the Nez Percés trail on the south, were laid out by the Indians ages ago and their course[s] was [were] made to coincide as nearly as possible with the crest of the primary ridges, the cañons being utterly impassable without much grading and rock cutting.

Mr. Leiberg has drawn an accurate and plain picture of this region, and as it now is so it was, practically, in Lewis and Clark's time.

The Lolo trail is beyond much doubt a century and a half or two centuries old. It follows the divide, or watershed between the North Fork and the Middle, or Lochsa Fork of the Clearwater River. From the Hot Springs its general direction is south to the Lolo Pass, whence it wheels to the west and retains this course for from sixteen to twenty miles, when it assumes a general southwestern direction, with many twists and curves of course, dependent upon the varying topography, until it reaches the low ground of the Weippe—Wée-ipe—prairie.

My first acquaintance with this trail was in 1898, when I made a flying trip to Boyle's Springs. In 1899, Mr. Wright and I, with what passed for a pack train, pushed our way across the pass and made our camp on Glade Creek, from which point we tramped across the mountain to the south, where we overlooked a large extent of country. A storm period coming on prevented our extending our explorations at that time, but Mr. Wright had, for years before, and he has since, intelligently explored nearly every square mile of the Clearwater country. On that trip I had an edition of Lewis

and Clark's report that was so abbreviated as to be absolutely misleading on such points as were important to me.

In 1902, Mr. Wright, Mr. De Camp, an artist from Helena, Montana, and myself, again took a pack train and, starting from Kamiah, on the main Clearwater River in Idaho, pushed on and into the heart of the range from the west. Our object was to investigate Lewis and Clark's trail, and we had with us Coues's work on Lewis and Clark and, what proved of great importance and value, a rough, unpublished, reconnaissance map of the United States Geological Survey. With Mr. Wright's intimate knowledge of the region, a much more accurate map than heretofore obtainable, and a reliable and unabbreviated edition of Lewis and Clark's journal, combined, we were able to work out the problem in a manner that far exceeded my anticipations. I am free to say that to Mr. Wright is owing a large share of the credit for this. Ever since our first trip across the Lolo Pass he had, with myself, been studying the subject and had applied to the problem his knowledge of the trail, of the watercourses and localities in general, so that when we came to discuss the narrative critically, and to attempt to identify localities, as we did in our tent night after night, I had some one to counsel with who knew his ground and could consider the matter intelligently.

I have also had the benefit of C. C. Van Arsdol's extended explorations and surveys in the Clearwater country. Mr. Van Arsdol is an Assistant Civil Engineer for the Northern Pacific Railway Company, who, in recent years, has made extended surveys of all the passes and rivers of the Bitter Root range.

The location of the trail of Lewis and Clark across these mountains, as shown on the accompanying map, has also had the benefit of the criticism of James Stuart of Kooskia, Idaho. Mr. Stuart is a Nez Percé Indian, a graduate of Car-

lisle, and a gentleman of intelligence and ability. He is familiar with the old Indian trails in the Clearwater country both from knowledge handed down by the Indians and from personal and recent travel over them. I have carefully discussed the route travelled by Lewis and Clark across this region, in all its phases, with Mr. Stuart, and he concurs in what I have written and in the location of their trail.

I feel, therefore, that with these valuable aids to the explorers' own notes, added to such personal knowledge as I possess of the region, the determination of this matter as given here can be relied upon.

It should be observed that the recorded compass courses of the explorers through these mountains have to be interpreted very liberally in some instances, as they indicate general directions only—and hardly those in some cases—owing to the zig-zag routes that the party were compelled to pursue. The mileage, too, is not to be taken without much allowance for the same reason.

Lewis and Clark, west-bound, used only parts of the present Lolo trail. Their abnormal course in 1805 resolves itself partly, I think, into a matter of poor guiding. The old Shoshone did his work conscientiously, but he was unfamiliar with the route. The Chopunnish guides, in 1806, knew the trail—but slightly different from the present one— and followed it even when it was covered many feet deep with snow.

Preliminary to an intelligent understanding and study of Lewis and Clark's courses across these mountains, it is absolutely essential first to determine and identify beyond a doubt two localities. These are Colt-killed Creek on the east, and Hungry and Collins creeks —these two are factors of a common problem—at the west. These points fixed, the others are easily made out.

Once the foregoing localities are identified, the greatest difficulty in interpretation and adjustment comes at the very

outset—from the Hot Springs to and through the pass. The narrative reads as follows:

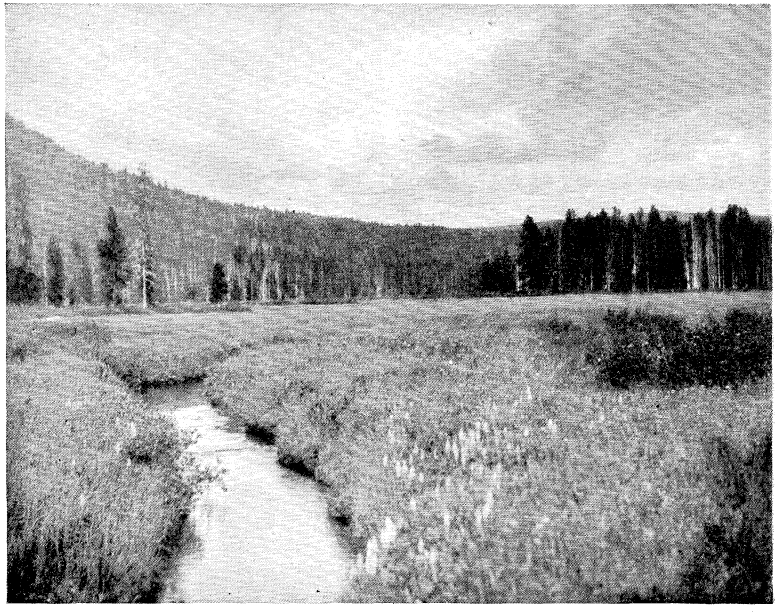
> These [trails] embarrassed our guide, who, mistaking the road, took us three miles out of the proper course over an exceedingly bad route. We then fell into the right road, and proceeded on very well, when, having made five miles, we stopped to refresh the horses. . . . We then proceeded along the same kind of country which we passed yesterday, and after crossing a mountain [through Lolo Pass] and leaving the sources of Traveller's-rest Creek on the left, reached, after five miles riding, a small [Glade] creek which also came in from the left hand, passing through open glades, some of which were half a mile wide. The road, which had been as usual rugged and stony, became firm, plain, and level after quitting the head of Traveller's-rest [Creek]. We followed the course of this new creek for two miles, and encamped at a spot where the mountains close [in] on each side.

This account is not very enlightening. It leaves a wide margin for guesswork. Clark's courses state that these ten miles were in a direction S. 30° W., but this is somewhat open to doubt, except in a most general sense. But what he says about the streams would indicate that they bore to the right side, ascending, of the main fork of Lolo Creek, to the first mountain which they crossed.

A great trail like the Lolo is much like a great trunk line of railway. Here and there, at certain and favorable places, will be found lines of parallel trails, like parallel railway sidings, all merging, at some point, into the main track or trail; branch trails also, like branch lines, will now and again be found. So it was and is here. There are many parallel trails, some of them now dim and overgrown through age and disuse, and there are evidently two or three points where the divide itself may be crossed. The conditions of travel are the same whichever route one takes, and all the trails terminate at the same point, the beautiful summit prairie, or the glades of Glade Creek, down which the party pro-

ceeded two miles and camped. I have platted the trail over the pass as seems to me to meet best all the conditions of the narrative, both going and returning.

Mr. Wright and I camped at the forks of Glade Creek—where Lewis and Clark first came out upon it—in a bed of delicious ripe wild strawberries. Alongside my tent ran an



Glade Creek and Meadow. The Headwaters of Kooskooskee—Clearwater—River. Lolo Pass in Distance.

old trail, which we followed across the mountain to the slopes of Colt-killed Creek. At the time we trudged over this mountain, I supposed, from the narrative of Lewis and Clark which we had with us, that it was the same trail that the Captains had used, but, later, I discovered that this could not be the case. The trail was one of the parallel trails which traversed another part of the mountain to Colt-killed

Creek. We explored Glade Creek valley and found that the creek had numerous affluents, and there were old trails on each side of the valley all converging at our camp. We startled a fawn, on our tramp, and watched a beautiful skunk prowling about the creek bank, its long black and white bushy tail floating like a banner over it.

An incident of our sojourn at this camp may be of interest. As Wright and I neared camp on our return from the jaunt up Glade Creek, we came upon an old mother grouse and her brood of two or three very young chicks. Wright made a dive for one of the birds, but failed to get it the first time. At the second attempt, the mother grouse bristled up to him, much as an old hen does when she thinks her chicks are in danger, but she was very careful not to come within actual reach of his arms. This time he caught the young chick, which, after a moment or two, seemed to be very well contented in the warm palm of Wright's hand, the day being somewhat cold, and we took it to camp with us.

When we got there the bird was enjoying a good nap. I then took the chick and held it while Wright arranged his camera to photograph it. Placing the bird upon the limb of a small pine tree at hand, it maintained its place quietly, as a well-behaved grouse should, until Wright snapped his camera and had his negative. We then carried the bird back to where we had found it, and placed it upon one end of a long log, near the other end of which the mother grouse was strutting warily about. Two or three clucks made known her whereabouts, and the young chick moved slowly along the log toward the madam, having the air, for all the world, of a child who had done something wrong and expected to be punished therefor. In this, however, it was agreeably disappointed, so far as we could see, and in a few moments we returned to camp leaving the mother and her chicks happy and contented.

On September 14th the narrative continues:

We proceeded early, and continuing along the right side of Glade Creek crossed a high mountain, and at the distance of six miles reached the place where it is joined by another branch [the Kooskooskee] of equal size from the right. Near the forks the Tushepaws have had an encampment which is but recently abandoned, for the grass is entirely destroyed by horses, and two fish weirs across the creek are still remaining; no fish were, however, to be seen. We here passed over to the left side of the [Glade] creek and began the ascent of a very high and steep mountain, nine miles across. On reaching the other side we found a large branch from the left, which seems to rise in the snowy mountains to the south and southeast. We continued along the creek [*i. e.*, crossed the Kooskooskee and went down its right bank] two miles farther, when, night coming on, we encamped opposite a small island at the mouth of a branch on the right side of the [main] river. The mountains which we crossed to-day were much more difficult than those of yesterday. . . . Although we had made only seventeen miles, we were all very weary The whole stock of animal food was now exhausted, and we therefore killed a colt, on which we made a hearty supper. From this incident we called the last creek we had passed [coming] from the south [and just before fording the Kooskooskee] Colt-killed Creek. The river itself is eighty yards wide, with a swift current and a stony channel. Its Indian name is Kooskooskee.

This itinerary is perfectly plain. Following down the right side of Glade Creek to where it joins the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, they forded the creek, not the river, crossed another high mountain, the same one that Wright and I climbed by another trail from our camp at the forks of Glade Creek, and descended to "a large branch" flowing from the left. This creek they named Colt-killed Creek and it is the White Sand Creek of present-day maps. It will be seen, from the map of this trail, that the party have gone directly away from the main Lolo trail, as it now runs and as it then ran. What the old guide meant, if he really knew what he was doing, by taking the expedition down into this cañon,

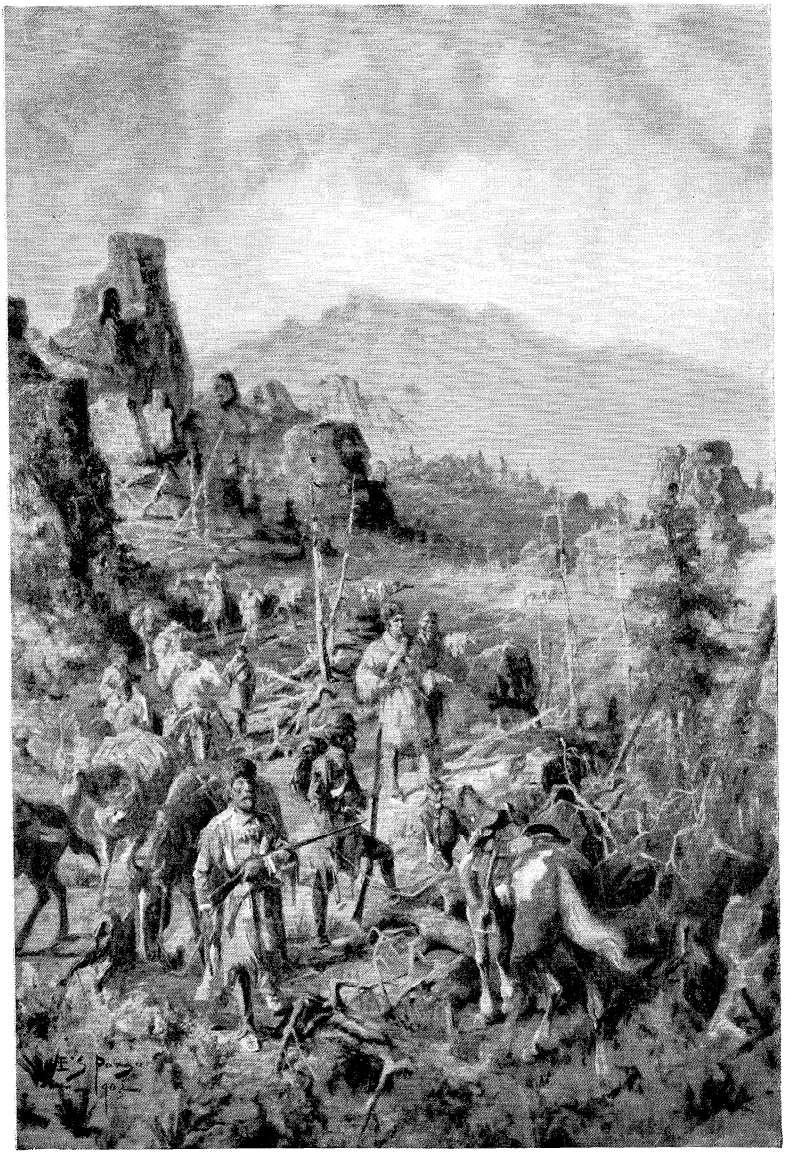
and around by the old fishery, is inconceivable, for they were simply compelled to climb out again and regain the main trail on the high ridge to the north. It was a case of misleading, wholly, I think, unless, for some reason not specified, the Captains insisted upon this détour. Mr. Stuart and I discussed this détour at length, and he can see no occasion whatever for it.

The party now crossed the Kooskookee River and followed its right bank "two miles" down to "the mouth of a branch on the right side," where they camped. The map of the Bitter Root Forest Reserve shows no such branch on the right side, but *does* show one on the left side at that distance, and one on the right side at four miles' distance from the main forks.

Many of Clark's notes and distance courses are without punctuation of any sort, and are very ambiguous; this particular reading runs thus: "S. 70° W. 2 miles down the river Kooskooske to a small branch on the right side killed and eate Coalt." I think this might, without violence, be expanded a little and rendered "2 miles down the river Kooskooske to a small branch, [where,] on the right side, we [camped and] killed and ate a colt."

There would be no greater liberties taken with the narrative in so doing, than it has been found necessary to take at other places, and it would then fit the apparent conditions, unless the map is inaccurate and misplaces the creek on the right bank, or unless the explorers' estimate of two miles is too little; their errors of this sort, however, usually overran, rather than fell short of, the actual distances.

It is proper to add that since writing the foregoing both Mr. Wright and Mr. Stuart state that there is at this point a very small watercourse on the right side, too small to make much showing on the map. But such a stream the narrative usually calls "a small run."



Lewis and Clark in the Heart of the Bitter Root Mountains. Clark is Seen above the Head of the Horse in the Foreground, York is to the Left of the Horse's Head. (From an oil painting by Paxson.)

On September 15th at an early hour we proceeded along the right side of the Kooskooskee, over steep rocky points of land, till at the distance of four miles we reached an old Indian fishing place; the road here turned to the right of the water, and began to ascend a mountain; but the fire and wind had prostrated or dried almost all the timber on the south side, and the ascents were so steep that we were forced to wind in every direction round the high knobs, which constantly impeded our progress. . . . After clambering in this way for four miles, we came to a high snowy part of the mountain where was a spring of water, at which we halted two hours to refresh our horses.

On leaving the spring the road continued as bad as it was below, and the timber more abundant. At four miles we reached the top of the mountain, and foreseeing no chance of meeting with water, we encamped on the northern side of the mountain, near an old bank of snow three feet deep. Some of this we melted, and supped on the remains of the colt killed yesterday. Our only game to-day was two pheasants, and the horses on which we calculated as a last resource began to fail us, for two of them were so poor and worn out with fatigue, that we were obliged to leave them behind.

It would appear from the trail of the 14th and 15th as if the old Shoshone had some knowledge of history and was trying to emulate the King of France in his celebrated march with his 20,000 men, except that old Toby, as we find his name to be, marched *down* the hill and then marched *up* again. At their camp at night they are once more on the ridge and the main trail. The map shows the route in detail. They simply climbed the mountain and corrected the blunder of September 14th in leaving the divide.

The trail by which the explorers climbed the mountain from below Colt-killed Creek is but little used now. Mr. Stuart says that he knows that there was formerly such a trail at this point, which, Mr. Wright says, is still used upon rare occasions. There is a trail farther along leading from the ridge down to the Hot Springs on the same stream, and this winds up the mountain in much the same general direction of the trail which Lewis and Clark followed.

SEPTEMBER 16th, it began to snow and continued all day, so that by evening it was six or eight inches deep. This covered the tract so completely that we were obliged constantly to halt and examine, lest we should lose the route. In many places we had nothing to guide us except the branches of the trees, which, being low, have been rubbed by the burdens of the Indian horses.

At noon we halted to let the horses feed on some long grass on the south side of the mountain, and endeavoured by making fires to keep ourselves warm. As soon as the horses were refreshed, Captain Clark went ahead with one man, and at the distance of six miles reached a stream from [the left to] the right, and prepared fires by the time of our arrival at dusk. We here encamped in a piece of low ground, thickly timbered, but scarcely large enough to permit us to lie level. We had now made thirteen miles. We were all very wet, cold, and hungry; . . . and were obliged to kill a second colt for our supper.

Their noon camp this day was at or near a point known as the "Indian Post-offices," two piles, or mounds, consisting of stones piled several feet high along the trail, and well known as land—or trail—marks to all mountaineers and travellers in the region. These mounds were there when Lewis and Clark passed along, but as they do not refer to them they doubtless did not see them owing to certain peculiarities of the trail. On the return journey they mention seeing one such mound farther to the west.

The narrative is in error in speaking of the stream where Captain Clark "prepared fires" and where they camped as coming from the right; it ran *to* the right; flowing into the north fork of the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater River, as Clark's course readings show.

The miles travelled on the 17th were few, but rough.

Our horses became so much scattered during the night that we were detained till one o'clock before they were all collected. We then continued our route over high rough knobs and several drains and springs, and along a ridge of country separating the waters of two small rivers. The road was still difficult, and

several of the horses fell and injured themselves very much, so that we were unable to advance more than ten miles to a small stream [Gass says spring], on which we encamped.

We had killed a few pheasants, but these being insufficient for our subsistence we killed another of the colts. This want of provisions, and the extreme fatigue to which we were subjected, and the dreary prospects before us, began to dispirit the men.

The stream on the head of which they camped this night flows into the Lochsa fork of the Kooskooskee, and the camp is on the south side of Bald Mountain, among the "rough knobs" with which the country abounds. It was a blue time with them, and a marked change of program was determined on.

September 18th was an important day. Clark set out with the best hunters as an advance and pioneer party, and on this day we make acquaintance with Hungry and Collins creeks.

Clark started early in the morning and his route at first lay

along the same high dividing ridge, and the road was still very bad; but he moved on rapidly, and at the distance of twenty miles was rejoiced on discovering far off an extensive plain toward the west and southwest, bounded by a high mountain. He halted an hour to let the horses eat a little grass on the hillsides, and then went on twelve and a half miles till he reached a bold creek running to the left, on which he encamped. To this stream he gave the very appropriate name of Hungry Creek, for having procured no game, they had nothing to eat.

In the meantime we were detained till after eight o'clock by the loss of one of our horses, which had strayed away and could not be found. . . . By pushing on our horses almost to their utmost strength we made eighteen miles. We then melted some snow, and supped on a little portable soup, a few cannisters of which, with about twenty weight of bear's oil, are our only remaining means of subsistence.

At the place where Clark let the horses graze he left the regular trail, as at present known, and struck southwest-

our rout lay along the ridge of a high mountain
course S 20. W. - 18. MW. used the snow for cooking. -

Thursday September 19th 1805.

Set out this morning a little after sunrise and continued our rout about the same course of yesterday or S. 20. W. for 6 miles when the ridge terminated and we to our inexpressable joy discovered a large tract of Prairee country, lying to the S. W. and widening as it appeared to extend to the W. through that plain. the Indian informed us that the Columbia river, in which we were in search of, run; this plain appeared to be about 60 Miles distant, but our guide assured us that we should reach it's borders tomorrow. the appearance of this country, our only hope for subsistance greately revived the spirits of the party already reduced and much weakened for the want of food. - the country is thickly covered with a very heavy growth of pine of which I have enumerated 8 distinct species. after leaving the ridge we ascended and decended several steep mountains in the distance of 6 miles further when we struck a Creek about 15 yards wide. our course being S 85. W. we continued our rout 6 miles along the side of this creek upwards passing 2 of it's branches which proved to from the N. fork at the place we struck the creek and the other 3 miles further. the road was exceedingly dangerous along this creek being a narrow rocky path generally on the side of steep precipices, from which in many places if either man or horse were precipitated they would inevitably be

Facsimile of Page 2, Codex Fd. Lewis. Records First Sight of Kamas Prairie, Idaho, from Rocky Ridge, Bitter Root Range.

ward. His unusual, and, I think, perhaps, overestimated mileage this day shows that he did a great deal of circuitous, zigzag travelling for the actual advance made, but this, as I know, was inevitable.

Hungry Creek is that unnamed creek of the maps whose headwaters, rising directly south of the place shown as Weitus Meadow—a perversion of the real name—flow south, southeast, and south again, into the Lochsa fork. In the very same locality are to be seen the headwaters of another unnamed stream flowing westward to Lolo Creek. This is Collins Creek and its headwaters interlock with those of Hungry Creek, and these streams are very important ones in the itinerary of the expedition.

Collins, Lolo, and Musselshell creeks all come together within a short distance of each other, and to the combined waters Lewis and Clark continued the name *Collins*, to-day displaced, unfortunately and unjustly, by the word Lolo, and thus duplicating the name of the creek on the eastern side of the range.

Wright, De Camp, and I camped at Weitus Meadow, which constitutes the low meadow divide whence spring the waters of Hungry and Collins creeks, as well as those of a branch of the north fork of the Clearwater.

The main body of the party under Captain Lewis followed Captain Clark's trail, spreading out, undoubtedly, on all sides where the ground permitted, in order to hunt.

There is, therefore, a double narrative of the party's progress now, from which to reconstruct their trail. The details are not clear enough to enable us to trace with absolute certainty the double route of the expedition, but still it is reasonably certain where they went and camped.

Some of the difficulties in the line of interpretation are suggested.

Clark's mileage up Hungry Creek is given as eight miles;

that of the main body to where Clark killed the colt on Hungry Creek—two miles short of the point where Clark left this creek—is also eight miles, which would make the total miles travelled by them along this stream, apparently, ten miles. At some place or places they forded this creek, but neither itinerary states where, and this must be inferred from the context.

Clark travelled four miles along the eastern branch of Collins Creek, while the narrative mentions but two and a half miles thus travelled by the main body; both refer to "the forks of a large creek," Clark on the 20th, Lewis on September 21st. These forks were unquestionably the junction of the two branches of Collins Creek, the eastern one along which they travelled and the northern one now charted as Lolo Creek, and also used for a short distance.

It will be noted that there are discrepancies between Clark's compass bearings and those of the main body. Twice, where the former says S. 85° W. and S. 80° W. Lewis states S. 25° W. and S. 30° W. The general route was S. W. for much of the way, with twists and turns in every direction. It is possible that Clark's figure 8 may be so much like a 3 as to have been mistaken for the latter, which would virtually correct the discrepancy.

Clark's leaving the ridge and descending to the waters of Hungry and Collins creeks seems, in the light of the present trail, a strange thing to do, but they undoubtedly followed the trail of 1805–06, for their Chopunnish guides used the same route on the return trip, and Mr. Stuart says that the trail did formerly run there. Traces of it can still be seen.

The lack of game along here nearly proved fatal to them, but this dearth of animal life was a natural result of conditions. Although there were and are large quantities of game, both large and small, in the Clearwater—Bitter Root—Mountains, there never was any, so far as I can learn, in the

country immediately adjoining this trail. There was none in 1805, there is none now.

To the south and southwest of the Colt-killed Creek country in the Moose Creek region, there are many licks and warm springs and many elk, deer, mountain goats, etc. The game sought those places, not the rough stony country along the trail. There are licks also along Colt-killed Creek.

Wheeler and Wright in Camp at Weitus Meadow in 1902. Wright Standing.

SEPTEMBER 19th. Captain Clark proceeded up the [Hungry] creek, along which the road was more steep and stony than any he had yet passed. At six miles distance he reached a small plain, in which he fortunately found a horse, on which he breakfasted, and hung the rest on a tree for the party [Lewis's] in the rear. Two miles beyond this he left the creek and crossed three high mountains, rendered almost impassable from the steepness of the ascent and the quantity of fallen timber. After clambering over these ridges and mountains, and passing the

heads of some branches of Hungry creek, he came to a large [Collins] creek running westward. This [the right bank] he followed for four miles, then turned to the right [north] down the mountain, till he came to a small creek [flowing] to the left. Here he halted, having made twenty-two miles on his course, south 80° west, though the winding route over the mountains almost doubled the distance.

Clark went up Hungry Creek eight miles, wound about its headwaters and came down on the north side of the eastern branch of Collins Creek, followed its course four miles, crossed the mountains, once more on the main trail, and camped on the north branch of Collins Creek, now Lolo Creek, some miles above the forks.

[The main body] followed soon after sunrise. . . . On leaving the ridge we again ascended and went down several mountains, and six miles farther came to Hungry creek where it was fifteen yards wide and received the waters of a branch from the north. We went up it on a course nearly due west, and at three miles crossed a second branch flowing from the same quarter. . . . Three miles beyond this last branch of Hungry creek we encamped, after a fatiguing route of eighteen miles. . . . The men are growing weak and losing their flesh very fast; several are afflicted with the dysentery, and eruptions of the skin are very common.

The narrative of the main body indicates quite clearly that the point where the trail reached Hungry Creek was at the junction of the main stream flowing eastward with the branch from the north, and where the full stream turned abruptly south, which was, I think, below where Clark struck the creek.

Mr. Wright has trailed along this creek and his knowledge of its peculiarities was a very important factor in determining certain questions that came up in our discussions. The stream is a beautiful one, a regular mountain torrent for much of its course, very rocky, and carries a large volume of water.

The "plain to the southwest" was not the Weippe country, but the now well-known Kamas prairie plateau beyond the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, "bounded by a high mountain" which was Craig Mountain.

SEPTEMBER 20th. Captain Clark went on through a country as rugged as usual, till on passing a low mountain he came, at the distance of four miles, to the forks of a large creek. Down this he kept on a course south 60° west for two miles, then turning to the right, continued over a dividing ridge where were the heads of little streams, and at twelve miles distance descended the last of the Rocky mountains and reached the level country. . . . He continued for five miles, when he discovered three Indian boys who, on observing the party, ran off and hid themselves in the grass. Captain Clark immediately alighted, and giving his horse and gun to one of the men, went after the boys. He soon relieved their apprehensions and sent them forward to the village about a mile off, with presents of small pieces of riband.

Soon after the boys reached home a man came out to meet the party, with great caution, but he conducted them to a large tent in the village, and all the inhabitants gathered round to view with a mixture of fear and pleasure these wonderful strangers. . . . They now set before them a small piece of buffaloe meat, some dried salmon, berries, and several kinds of roots. Among these last is one which is round and much like an onion in appearance, and sweet to the taste; it is called quamash, and is eaten either in its natural state, or boiled into a kind of soup, or made into a cake which is then called pasheco. After the long abstinence this was a sumptuous treat.

Captain Clark's route this day was, apparently, down Lolo, or the north branch of Collins Creek, to the junction with the eastern branch, then down the creek and across to the headwaters of Musselshell and Brown creeks, but not as the trail of to-day runs, these being the "2 runs passing to our left." From here he followed through the more open country until, clearing the timber country entirely, he came out into the wide and beautiful prairie country and found himself once more among hospitable people, the Chopunnish, or Nez Percé Indians.

Hungry Creek, Idaho, below where Captain Clark Killed a Horse for Food on September 19, 1805.

The main body under Lewis were late in starting from their camp on Hungry Creek, the horses being scattered. Once they were ready they

proceeded for two miles, when to our great joy we found the horse which Captain Clark had killed. . . . Our general course was south 25° west through a thick forest of large pine. . . . After making about fifteen miles we encamped on a ridge, where we could find but little grass and no water. We succeeded, however, in procuring a little from a distance, and supped on the remainder of the horse.

On the 21st of September, Lewis

continued along the ridge on which we had slept, and at a mile and a half reached a large [Collins] creek running to our left, just above its junction with one of its branches. We proceeded down the low grounds of this creek, which are level, wide, and heavily timbered, but turned to the right at the distance of two and a half miles, but the thick timber had fallen in so many places that we could scarcely make our way. After going five miles we passed the creek [Lolo] on which Captain Clark had encamped during the night of the 19th, and continued five miles farther over the same kind of road, till we came to the forks of a large [also the Collins, or Lolo] creek. We crossed the northern branch of this stream, and proceeded down it on the west side for a mile; here we found a small plain where there was tolerable grass for the horses, and therefore remained during the night, having made fifteen miles on a course S. 30° W. We were so fortunate, also, as to kill a few pheasants and a prairie wolf, which, with the remainder of the horse, supplied us with one meal, the last of our provisions, our food for the morrow being wholly dependent on the chance of our guns.

The "large creek running to the left," is of course, Collins Creek and the creek where Clark had camped was the north fork, or Lolo Creek.

Horses and wolves to eat! How they must have longed for the juicy hump ribs, the tongues and marrow bones of

the buffalo, the haunches of venison, the elk steaks, and the trout, of the plains and rivers east of the mountains!

At noon Sept. 22d, they

> proceeded on a western course for two and a half miles, when we met the hunters sent by Captain Clark from the village seven and a half miles distant, with provisions. . . . After this refreshment we proceeded in much better spirits, and at a few miles were overtaken by the two men who had been sent back after a horse on the 20th. They were perfectly exhausted with the fatigue of walking and the want of food; but as we had two spare horses they were mounted and brought on to the village. [These men had had a rough time of it which the narrative records in detail.]
>
> As we approached the village, most of the women . . . fled with their children into the neighboring woods. The men, however, received us without any apprehension, and gave us a plentiful supply of provisions. The plains were now crowded with Indians, . . . but as our guide was perfectly a stranger to their language, we could converse by signs only. . . . The Twisted-hair [a chief] drew a chart of the river on a white elk-skin,

in which he laid down with great accuracy the course of the Kooskooskee and Columbia rivers to the Great Falls of the latter.

We have followed the party across the mountains westward, let us now briefly study the trail on the homeward run.

In 1806, the explorers, when they left the Weippe prairie, virtually retraced their outgoing trail to the Musselshell prairie—which Dr. Coues confused with the Weippe prairie—and the mouth of Musselshell Creek. Then, instead of going northeast and up the Lolo Fork, they clambered over the mountains on the *south* side of the eastern fork of Collins Creek until they reached the old trail west of the spot where Lewis camped the night of September 20, 1805. From this point their route coincides, essentially, with the one of the year before, until the camp of September

15, 1805, at the snow-bank, is reached. Just east of that they rejected the old trail down the mountain to the fishery and Colt-killed Creek, and followed the trail as at present known, to the Hot Springs on Traveller's-rest Creek.

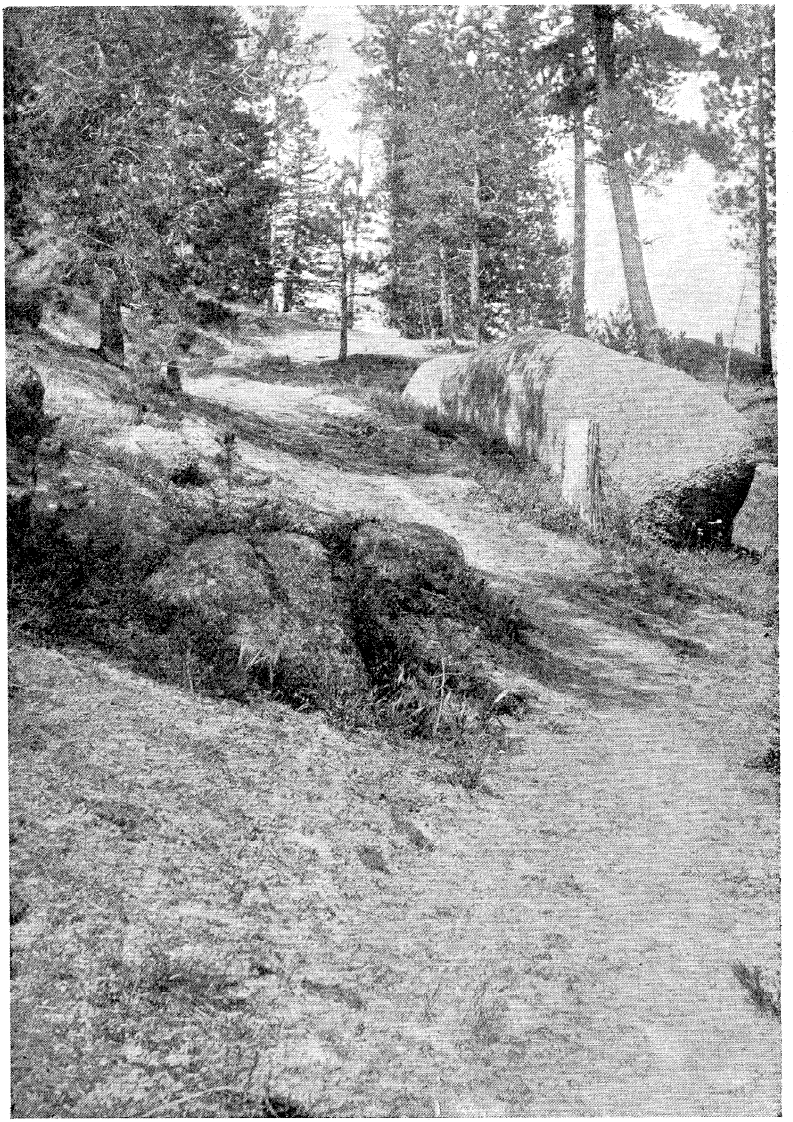
The map shows the divergencies plainly, and the narrative will make them more clear as we come to them in their natural order.

Gass, in his journal, indulges in some comments and reflections in relation to the journey across "the most terrible mountains I ever beheld." Verily, indeed, he found that the Appalachians of his youthful experience were far different from these mountains. At the junction of Colt-killed Creek and the Kooskooskee, which latter stream Gass calls Stony Creek, he says, "none of the hunters killed anything except two or three pheasants; on which, without a miracle it was impossible to feed thirty hungry men and upwards, besides some Indians," evidently having in mind the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Soup—portable soup—was a standard article of diet, day after day, Gass says.

At their camp of September 18th, on the ridge beyond Bald Mountain, he states: "We had great difficulty in getting water, being obliged to go half a mile for it down a very steep precipice," which recalls vividly to mind an experience of my own among the Selkirks in British Columbia.

On the 19th, a day of experiences along Hungry Creek, his journal is quite full.

> One of our horses fell down the precipice about 100 feet, and was not killed, nor much hurt: the reason was, that there is no bottom below, and the precipice, the only bank, which the creek has; therefore the horse pitched into the water, without meeting with any intervening object, which could materially injure him. . . . The men are becoming lean and debilitated, on account of the scarcity and poor quality of the provisions on which we subsist: our horses' feet are also becoming very sore.



A Bit of the Old Indian, or Lolo, Trail, at Lolo Hot Springs, Montana.

When they first sighted the Kamas prairie, he records:

When this discovery was made there was as much joy and rejoicing among the corps, as happens among passengers at sea, who have experienced a dangerous and protracted voyage, when they first discover land on the long looked for coast.

On the 22d, writing of the roots which Clark had hurried back from the Indian village to his famishing comrades, he says:

The roots they use are made into a kind of bread; which is good and nourishing, and tastes like that sometimes made of pumpkins. We remained here about an hour and then proceeded on again, down the ridge along a very rough way: and in the evening arrived in a fine large valley, clear of these dismal and horrible mountains.

While Lewis and his party had slowly toiled over the mountains, Clark had cultivated the Chopunnish Indians. These people had not seen white men before, and the curiosity of the Indians was at white heat. They received them warmly as the Shoshoni and the Ootlashoots had done.

Captain Clark had, by the time Captain Lewis arrived, been to the main Kooskooskee to the west, and established relations with Twisted-hair, the Chief.

The change of food to a plentiful diet of roots made Clark, and later, Lewis, and all the others sick. Clark remained in the village the day after his arrival principally on this account. "I am very sick to-day and puke which relieves me," is the sententious way in which he puts it.

Then, in the afternoon at four o'clock, feeling still more relieved, doubtless from constant "puking," he set out for the temporary camp of Twisted-hair, who was fishing at the river, some eighteen miles distant. On the way they hired an Indian guide and they reached the river at midnight. "Twisted-hare" showed himself to be a true host, for upon

the guide's calling to him he crossed the river and the two chiefs smoked for an hour.

On September 22d Twisted-hair, "who seemed cheerful and sincere in his conduct," and Clark, leaving the hunters at the river, retraced their way to the Weippe villages, reaching them just as Lewis and the main body arrived. These two villages "consist of about thirty double [skin] tents, and the inhabitants call themselves Chopunnish or Pierced-nose."

[MONDAY] SEPTEMBER 23d. The chiefs and warriors were all assembled this morning, and we explained to them where we came from, the objects of our visiting them, and our pacific intentions toward all the Indians. This being conveyed by signs, might not have been perfectly comprehended, but appeared to give perfect satisfaction. . . . The Twisted-hair introduced us into his own tent, which consisted, however, of nothing more than pine bushes and bark, and gave us some dried salmon boiled.

The tribe among which the explorers now sojourn for a day or two are still known, ethnologically, as the Chopunnish and are of the Shahaptian family. This family comprises, besides the Chopunnish, or Nez Percés, as they are commonly called, the Palouse, Klikitat, Umatilla, Walla Walla, and other tribes. Of them all, the Chopunnish are the lords. They are found to-day where Lewis and Clark found them, along the Clearwater River. Their reservation has been divided among them in severalty, and the surplus lands—500,000 acres—sold to white settlers.

These Indians, haughty and exclusive, are much above the ordinary among red men. They are aristocratic and dignified in bearing and action, industrious, able, reticent, and since their acquaintance with Lewis and Clark have been the stanch friends of the whites, although to an extent, disdaining intimate contact with them. The only break in this friendship occurred in 1877 when Joseph, Looking Glass,

Whitebird, and their people took the war-path, and gave the United States troops under command of the best generals in the army, a merry chase and almost beat them to the British Columbian boundary-line. This retreat of Joseph's, and his universally admitted masterly generalship, remind

The Bitter Root Range at Head of Colt-killed—White Sand—Creek.

one of Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten thousand, or of Stone wall Jackson's brilliant strategic movements.

The consensus of opinion appears to agree that in this one disruption of pleasant relations, Joseph and his Nez Percés were more sinned against than sinning. Dunn in *Massacres Of The Mountains* says regarding this: "The meanest, most contemptible, least justifiable thing that the United States was ever guilty of was its treatment of the Lower Nez Percés."

The fact that these people ever did actually pierce their noses seems to be hard to establish absolutely. Lewis and Clark state that they did and Dunn confirms this, but says that the practice was "abandoned so long since that many modern writers have been puzzled to know the origin of their name." The present-day Nez Percés claim to know nothing of it.

These people did also, at one time, flatten the heads of their infants, but gave it up after intercourse with the whites had become well established, in response to the teachings of the latter.

Parker, in 1835, states that, while the Indians "near the Pacific" both "flatten their heads" and "also pierce their noses," the so-called Flatheads—from whose country our explorers have just come—did not flatten their heads nor did the Nez Percés pierce their noses when he was among them.

All accounts represent these people as being of a high order of natural intelligence and ability, quick to adapt themselves to new teachings, and of a most receptive and deeply religious nature. They, with the Flatheads, sought the missionary in the thirties, and when he came attended upon his counsels.

It was among the Chopunnish, or Nez Percés, that the Rev. H. H. Spalding established his Protestant mission in 1836, at Lapwai, and there, in 1839, the first printing-press west of the Rocky Mountains was first used in printing a small volume of twenty pages in the Nez Percé language. This press was brought from the Sandwich Islands.

Many of the early writers, after Lewis and Clark, refer to the devout habits of the Nez Percés and other neighboring tribes and to their consistent religious practices. One of the best of these accounts is found in Farnham's *Travels*, already quoted, and I reproduce a portion of it here.

In 1839, Farnham had just descended the Blue Mountains, and was on his way to Dr. Whitman's mission near the present town of Walla Walla. He procured a guide in the person of Crickie, a middle-aged Cayuse Indian who, with his family, was on the way to the mission.

> The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were bent, and buffalo robes spread over them. Underneath were laid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself with his wife and children on one side, and myself on the other. A fire burned brightly in front. Water was brought, and the evening ablutions having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband, and one to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head and prayed to God! A wandering savage in Oregon calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ! After the prayer, he gave meat to his children, and passed the dish to his wife. . . .
>
> I had slumbered, I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. . . . The Indian family was engaged in its evening devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Percés language. Having finished it, they all knelt and bowed their faces upon the buffalo robes, and Crickie prayed long and fervently. Afterwards they sang another hymn and retired. This was the first breathing of religious feelings that I had seen since leaving the States.

Although Crickie was a Cayuse, or Skyuse as Farnham wrote it, Indian, the incident applies equally to the practices of the Nez Percés who were the immediate neighbors of the Cayuse to the east. Both tribes were at that time on a par in this respect. Later—in 1847—the Cayuse "backslid" and massacred Whitman, his wife, and many others, but the Nez Percés held fast "to the Book" and refused to join in the massacre of the whites.

There is a tradition among the Nez Percés of the present day to the effect that the Chopunnish were at first inclined to kill Lewis and Clark and their men. This legend was made known to the writer in 1899 by Miss MacBeth, long

resident among these people, and more recently by Mr. Stuart, and Mrs. Dye gives it in her interesting book of *The Conquest.*

Briefly, the tradition runs, that a Nez Percé woman was captured by a hostile tribe, while with a hunting party in the buffalo country to the east and was taken, presumably, to the

Descendants of the Chopunnish Indians of Lewis and Clark.

Red River country in Manitoba, where, as was not unusual —as in Sacágawea's case—the poor slave became a wife and mother. She there came to know the white people and by them was assisted to escape. She eventually reached her own people, but her babe, having sickened and died, was buried among friendly Flatheads, and she herself was nigh unto death when she arrived at the lodges of her tribe. Before she died Lewis and Clark appeared, and hearing that her people were inclined to murder them, she, having before told the Nez Percés of the whites, the "crowned" or hatted

ones,—those wearing hats,—warned them to treat the explorers hospitably and not to harm them. This the Indians did, and, finding that the whites were peaceful and just, they became, as we shall find, warm friends and so they remain even unto this day.

Tradition is often unreliable. But, as we have already seen in the case of the Bird-woman and her girl friend who escaped and returned to the Shoshoni, there is nothing inherently improbable in the real facts of this story, and if true, it was a lucky thing for Lewis and Clark that the woman remained alive until the Captains reached Weippe prairie.

Mr. Stuart informs me that there is no question, in his mind, of the truth of this tradition. It is one of the established beliefs among the Nez Percés, handed down from the days of Lewis and Clark.